

Sports Illustrated

JULY 8, 1962 25 CENTS

AN EASY WAY TO GOOD CASTING



A close-up photograph of a man with short dark hair and a wide smile, holding a glass of whisky with ice. To his right is a bottle of Early Times Old Style Kentucky Whisky. The bottle has a yellow neck label with 'EARLYTIMES' in red and 'Old Style Kentucky Whisky' in black. The main label is red with 'EARLYTIMES' in white. The background is dark and out of focus.

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Who says a second car has to look like one?

 Well, over half of all Triumph 1200's are driven by families with more than one car. It figures. At an economy price, you get a machine styled by internationally famous Giovanni Michelotti—and he really did us proud on it. It's equipped with much that you'd expect on more expensive cars. Like the walnut-finished dash...and contoured bucket seats. The convertible top goes up with one hand.

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*Excludes tax, title, license and dealer charges. 1970 model. In U.S. See your Triumph Motor Company, Inc. dealer. Also, in U.S., N.Y. City, 3rd Ave. Garage, 1000 3rd Ave., N.Y.C. 17. In U.S., 1000 3rd Ave., N.Y.C. 17. In U.S., 1000 3rd Ave., N.Y.C. 17.

What was Schlitz doing with Teddy in Africa?



As soon as Theodore Roosevelt turned the Presidency of the United States over to his successor—March 4, 1909—he got ready to go on a long hunting expedition to Africa. These are some of the things he took along:

- tons of salt, to cure the hides of animals he shot
- his pigskin-bound personal library, to read
- a rabbit's foot John L. Sullivan gave him for luck
- a whole lot of Schlitz, to drink

Schlitz provided pure, delicious refreshment for Teddy in Africa 53 years ago. That was before the brown bottle, before air-protected brewing, before dozens of other improvements that make today's Schlitz the great light beer with gusto.

We wish Teddy—a man of enormous gusto—could taste the real gusto of today's Schlitz.

You can.

Schlitz—the beer that made Milwaukee famous . . . simply because it tastes so good.



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Next week

ARNOLD PALMER begins an exclusive five-part series that shows how his unique concepts of the game can be used by all players to improve their golfing pleasure and proficiency.

THUNDERBOATS, manned by the best hydroplane drivers, will gather on the Detroit River to keep Seattle's Bill Manzey from driving still another Miss Thriftway to Gold Cup victory.

MIAMI'S GADFLY is a sarcastic, wild-betting television sportsman named Clare Mosher. John Underwood explains why it is so hard for viewers to like him—or to tune him out.

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SCORECARD

DECATHLON RECOUNT

A cry has been raised in the West against what would appear to be a discriminatory move on the part of the International Amateur Athletic Federation to devalue the magnificent decathlon performance (9,121 points) of UCLA's C. K. Yang last spring (SI, May 6). The feeling is that the IAAF, in preparing a revision of the decathlon point scale for the 1964 Olympics, will legislate unfairly against the fiberglass pole and thereby deliberately reduce, retroactively, Yang's extraordinary score in the pole vault.

Not so. The IAAF, for some 50 years, has scanned the point allotments for decathlon performances with a view to keeping each of the 10 events in proper relation to each other and to the world level of performance in that event. The pole vault record has skyrocketed from 15 feet 9 3/4 inches to 16 feet 8 inches in less than two years on the impetus provided by the fiberglass pole; obviously, Yang's 15-foot 10 1/2-inch effort in his world record performance is not worth as much as a 15-foot 1-inch vault on steel in the days when the record was 15 feet 9. Yet Yang was awarded 1,515 points for his vault, an astronomical figure. This defeats the purpose of the decathlon, which is, after all, to measure the all-round ability rather than unduly rewarding a man's specialty.

Man's skills and abilities change with new instruments and improvements in personal techniques, thus values in the 1,500-meter run, the 400-meter run, the broad jump, the discus and shot, among others will be scaled down, too, since the records in those events have been significantly bettered since 1952, the last time the IAAF set up new scoring tables.

The brackets always fly when these decathlon tables come up for revision. People forget that a scoring table is a mathematical attempt to evaluate the effort and skill required of a modern Hercules as he performs his 10 labors. Actually the broad spectrum of ability tested by the two-day, 10-event program is a safeguard against any athlete getting

a victory solely on excellence in one or two events. The new scoring, if adopted, will reduce Yang's total below 9,000 points. It will not, however, alter the fact that Yang, under any scoring system, is still the best all-round track athlete in the world today.

OFF LIMITS

Fearful, and justifiably so, that the gambling disclosures that shook the National Football League could just as easily happen to them, the major leagues have intensified an undercover we-can't-comment-about-it-but drive to disassociate their players, coaches and umpires from untidy elements. In at least two big league towns—Kansas City and Milwaukee—certain popular "spots" have been declared off limits, principally because they are frequented by gamblers. Two in Milwaukee figured in the NFL's investigation. Nine in Kansas City reportedly have been blackballed, including one which was visited more than once by suspended Hall of Fame Paul Hornung of the Green Bay Packers when he was stationed at Fort Riley. The ball clubs are understandably reluctant to announce the names of the restaurants (or cocktail lounges), but the players know which ones they mean—or had better.

RARE BIRDMAN

Bob Allen sometimes looked like a man who had just got back from hell. His tan was a foot thick. It was hard to tell where he ended and his cigar began. He prowled such impossible places as the Canadian Northwest near Great Slave Lake and the Aransas National Wildlife Refuge on the Texas coast, looking for—and studying—the whooping crane, rarest of birds. Often he dropped into the wilds from a helicopter. He spent months on desolate Inagua Island, southernmost of the Bahamas chain, in search of the breeding ground of the American (or West Indian) flamingo, which is a threatened species. He caught tularemia from handling an infected jack rabbit. In order to combat this and various other illnesses, some of which he contracted in the field, his doc-

tor put him on an unusual regimen of fasting 16 hours a day. He hated an office so much that he built a roost on top of his house in Tavernier in the Florida Keys. Friends were concerned. They feared a hurricane would come someday and blow him and all his books and valuable records into the sea.

Last week Robert Porter Allen, ornithologist, winner of the John Burroughs Association Medal for conservation and former research director of the National Audubon Society, died at 58. No one can be sure what motivates a man like Bob Allen, for the love of the search and compassion for things wild are rare in a man, but if we could write his epitaph it would be to recall his fight to keep the whooping crane from being rounded up and jammed into a zoo. Preserve and protect our rare birds, said Allen, but keep 'em flying.

BIG BREAK FOR A READER

Judging by the mail we receive, a good many readers find *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* helpful in one way or another. Sometimes the acknowledgment comes in a different form. A case in point is a brand-new book by J. Campbell Bruce entitled *A Farnell to The Rock: Escape from Alcatraz* (McGraw-Hill, \$5.50).



As many difficult men had before him, writes Bruce, Frank Lee Morris checked into Alcatraz to consider his sins. But Morris did not stay nearly as long as was intended. An unusually intelligent felon (IQ: 133), Morris put himself on a vigorous reading program. First, a book on structural engineering—how to break, down, burrow through and otherwise

continued

Pacific Clay Products keeps record of recaps by notching tire sidewall.



SAVED: \$10,000 A YEAR WITH KELLY TIRES

PACIFIC CLAY PRODUCTS of Alberhill, California, switched to Kelly tires four years ago. Since that time they have cut their tire costs by \$10,000 a year. Harvey Gardner, Superintendent of Pacific's Alberhill Mine, reports, "We have recapped some

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Superintendent Harvey Gardner, shown here directing one of his drivers, has found since switching to Kellys his tire costs per mile have been cut in half.



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SCORECARD continued

get out from inside reinforced concrete. Then he learned a few things from *Popular Mechanics*—we do not hesitate to give due credit—about water wings and life rafts. And finally, according to page 213: "Thumbing through *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for May 21, 1962, he found a fascinating section on *Joys of Water* with a piece on boating and . . . color illustrations of channel buoys indicating proper course and warning of navigation hazards."

Shortly thereafter, Frank Lee Morris, bank robber and 51 reader with a purpose, cracked *The Rock*. In the year since, the Feds have tried to convince themselves that Morris drowned in the cold, vicious currents between Alcatraz, Angel's Island and Point Bonita. We, however, have far more confidence in our boating readers.

THE RICH GET RICHER

There evidently is no end to the golden reign of golf's Big Three. Final plans have now been made for a two-day exhibition match among Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus and Gary Player at Chicago's Glen Flora Country Club on September 1 and 2. The purse: \$50,000.

DAVIS AND GOLIATH

There comes a time in every man's life when the Grand Opportunity arrives, and to take advantage he must, in a manner of speaking, comb his hair with his hand. Such a now-or-never came recently for Bruce Davis, age 31, who for two years had been stalking a magnificent 12-point stag in the bush near his backwoods farm in remote Te Horo, New Zealand. Undiscouraged, but also unrewarded, he was mustering his sheep one day when his dogs suddenly ran the stag out of nowhere into a gully smack in front of him. There they stood, amazed, Davis with his gun back home on the mantel and his mind's eye filled with those beautiful antlers—and his thoughts racing with stories of the unfortunate men before him who had tried to tackle a big stag without a gun.

No decision was necessary. The stag charged. "I was on a narrow track, so there was nothing I could do but meet him," said Davis, who did—with his chest. Luckily he was wearing heavy clothes and the tines only jolted and bruised him. He grabbed for the antlers and held on. Thus embraced, the beast and the battered thrashed around for 10

minutes. The sheep dogs were in a frenzy but were only a nuisance. Finally Davis got behind the stag's head and, thrusting his weight forward onto the antlers, forced the head down into the ground. His face was now bloodied from a cut over his eye. His body ached. But balanced on top of the antlers, holding on with one hand, he at last managed to reach the knife at the back of his belt and dispose of his attacker.

DRAWER PRIZES

Most fishermen look back to their bachelor days with longing, but it's a wonder Leon Cote got any fishing done at all without Mrs. Cote. Mr. Cote of Old Town, Maine, found Abercrombie & Fitch in his wife's bureau drawer. He sharpens his hooks with Mrs. Cote's emery boards. He touches up chipped spots on his wobblers with Mrs. Cote's clear nail polish. He trims floss with her manicure scissors, swipes feathers from her hats and fur from her coats for tying flies and bucktails and has made the valuable discovery that a rubber girdle can be sliced down to skirts and strips for pickerel and bass lures. Mr. Cote borrows Mrs. Cote's silver polish to brighten spoons and spinners and her tablespoons to use as sealers, and he reverses the vacuum cleaner hose to dry out wet and clammy boots.

Two questions: Has all this made Leon Cote a better man? Or is he just as crummy as other husbands when Mrs. Cote needs his razor to cut the shelf paper?

BASEBALL PSYCHOANALYZED

We bet you didn't realize that baseball is a fatal combat involving the unconscious fantasy of the son's triumph over the father. Well, neither did we. But this is the way Dr. Thomas A. Petty of Grosse Pointe Park, Mich. described the game to a meeting of the American Psychoanalytic Association in St. Louis not long ago.

The essence of baseball, according to a report on Dr. Petty's paper in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, is "the duel between the father (pitcher) and the individual son (batter)." The violence of the combat is concentrated in the contact between the ball and the bat. "The killing is represented by the explosive contact between bat and ball. The retaliatory threat is epitomized by the 'beanball.'"

And what are the fans doing while all this blood-letting is going on down on

the field? Why, acting out the totem feast, of course. The hour at which the game is played and its usual duration, Dr. Petty feels, bring it into juxtaposition with a meal or snack time. "Fans ... eat tremendous quantities of popcorn, hot dogs, etc., and drink enormous volumes of pop, beer, etc., [all of] which often assumes the aspects of a totem feast for player and spectator alike. Thus the guilt is shared and dissipated."

All we can say is: Hit the ball! Eat that hot dog! Share that guilt!

STAY AFTER SCHOOL

The red LLL plates draped fore and aft on the body of the smart, purple motor scooter indicated that the driver was strictly a beginner. Cyril Smith, chief driving examiner at Britain's Ministry of Transport, watched closely as the driver confidently negotiated the scooter around the building test circuit. Then Examiner Smith signaled the end of the test, and the scooter driver pulled up to receive the jolt of his life. He had failed.

The man had driven more than 750,000 miles, but he reacted just like any Sunday driver. "I suppose I didn't give enough hand signals or look around often enough," he complained. "I don't see why I should. I think people go through all that neck stretching and hand flapping just to please the examiner." Said Examiner Smith: "Stirling Moss flunked his examination. That's all there is to it."

THEY SAID IT

- Jim Umbricht, Houston Colt pitcher, after his team had scored one run in 66 innings: "I have to pitch tonight. We drew straws and I got the short one."
- Tony Lama, after finishing his third round in the Cleveland Open tied with Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus: "They're in pretty good company."
- Mamie Van Doren, after her disengagement from Bo Belinsky: "I'll send him my ring back. He bought it on credit and he needs the money."
- Jim Gentile, Baltimore Oriole first baseman, discussing the possibility that Bill Dailey, Minnesota relief pitcher, is using a spitter: "I can't say for sure, but a couple of times after hitting against him I noticed my bat was warped."
- Ed Bailey of the San Francisco Giants, notified of his selection as the starting catcher on the National League All-Star team: "I can't even make our club. How could I have made that one?"

END

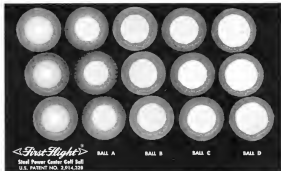


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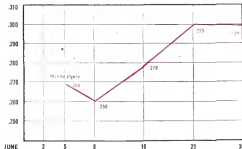
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IF IT ISN'T ONE M



Roger Maris' hitting asplurge (charted below) has kept the no-Mantle Yankees out of a slump.



The country's most famous sports figure walked back into Yankee Stadium last Friday. The cast had been removed from Mickey Mantle's left foot, broken on June 5, but he was only there for treatment, not to play ball. Before the game that night Mantle took off the special, steel-reinforced shoe for which he had just been fitted, and drew a finger over the bridge of his bare foot. Even that light touch left a white half-moon across the painful pink swelling. "I can hardly walk on it," he said, and he shook his head woefully at the suggestion he would be able to play by July 11, the most recent money-back guarantee date announced by the Yankee management. The Yankees, it seemed, were being unduly optimistic.

It was not, however, a desperate optimism. When Mantle went out, the Yankees had won 27 games and lost 18, a .600 pace. Without him they are 17-10 and .630, and there are still nine teams listed below them in the standings. The man most responsible is Roger Maris, the second M of M&M, the M they boo. They still boo Maris, of course, but now there are brazen cheers intermixed, forcing the boo-birds to extend themselves.

Maris (and the whole team) suffered a three-day hangover immediately after Mantle was hurt, but since then Roger, in 79 at bats, has hit .342 with eight home runs and 18 runs batted in. Because the sun still sets in the west he has won games with homers, but he has also won games with an out-of-character squeeze bunt and with a poke single to left. Afraid and on the bases, Maris has been little short of brilliant. "Roger is doing anything for team victory," says Bobby Richardson. "He's carrying the team," says Mantle. Maris, typically unaffected, says it is simply a coincidence that he started "finding the holes" after Mantle was hurt.

Mantle has returned again to his home in Dallas. During the weeks after he was injured, while he was resting there and in Joplin, Mo., James Drake took the exclusive photographs of Mickey and his family that appear on the following pages.

IT'S ANOTHER

Although Mickey Mantle is out of action for at least two more weeks, the hitting of Roger Maris keeps the Yankees from tumbling out of the American League lead



Flunked by Team Physician Dr. Sidney Geynor (left) and Trainer Joe Soares, Mantle sits on stool in Yankee locker room and broods over injury.

CONTINUED

On a business and pleasure trip to Joplin, Mo., where he is part owner of a motel, Mantle visits between games with members of the Mickey Mantle League. It was formed to give youngsters unable to make the local Little League teams a chance to play.

Photo: Al Schmitt/Outlook





Relaxing' with his wife, Marilyn, Mantle props his injured foot on a pool-side table. The Mantles were married after the 1951 season, Mickey's first in the majors. They met when he was playing in the minors and she was a high school majorette in Picher, Okla.

to the living room of his rambling one-story home in Dallas, Mantle laughs at the roughhousing antics of his four sons and grandchildren on to more action. Dave, age 7 (left), has Mickey, 15, momentarily pinned, while Billy, 5, easily holds down Danny, 3

CONTINUED



Framed by his aluminum crutches and a beech umbrella pole, Mantle and Dave laugh as young Billy pushes his oldest brother into the pool. Besides the unusual mid-season visit with his family, Mantle took care

of a few business problems, went fishing with Marilyn, played nine holes of golf using a cart, gained three pounds and watched several Yankee games on television. "It looks a lot easier on TV," he said.



SWEET EXPLOSION IN THE AIR

Two determined women from opposite sides of the world claim to be the fastest of friends—but they are more concerned with attempting to grab from each other the title of fastest woman flyer **by PAUL RESS**



Jacqueline Auriol (left) flashes winning smile after breaking world women's speed record set six weeks ago by space-suited Jackie Cochran.

A Mirage III jet plane whirled over Istres Airfield near Marseille a fortnight ago, guided by voice radio over a 100-kilometer closed course. Leveling off from its steep bank, the French-army fighter glided down and braked to a stop on the Istres runway. Out of the cockpit clambered chic, handsome Jacqueline, daughter-in-law of the former President of France, Vincent Auriol. A well-wisher who had been clocking the flight rushed to the plane. "You flew 2,030 kilometers an hour!" he shouted. "You've pulverized Cochran's record! Bravo, Jacqueline!"

Jacqueline Auriol had just become the first woman to fly faster than 2,000 kilometers an hour (1,243 mph). More im-

portant to the dedicated aviatrix, she had recaptured the world's airspeed record for women, a mark she has been trading for 12 years of intense personal rivalry with tough, skillful Jackie Cochran, a cosmetics executive who lives in Indio, Calif.

As she eased out of her flight helmet, however, Jacqueline met the news of victory with a gentle melancholia. "When I realized I had reconquered the women's world speed record," she said later, "I had an odd feeling of letdown. As if there was nothing left for me to do."

On the day her women's speed record fell, Jackie Cochran was close at hand, visiting the Aeronautical Salon at Le Bourget Airfield, near Paris. "Well, I

guess I didn't keep my record very long this time," she said offhandedly. Jackie's record, set in May with a Lockheed TF-104G Super Starfighter, was 1,203.94 mph. Eleven months before that Jacqueline had set a record with 1,149.65 mph. This, in turn, had beaten Jackie's record of 784.34 mph set in April 1961 in a Northrop T-38 Talon jet trainer. In all, the women's 100-kilometer closed-circuit speed record has passed back and forth seven times between these two, and despite her cozy smiles at the aeronautical salon, Jackie Cochran was going to waste no time trying to snatch back the title of world's fastest woman. "I'd love to take a crack at Jacqueline's new record," asserts Jackie. "I'm just waiting

for Lockheed to furnish the plane."

Besides the Starfighter TF-104G, Lockheed has furnished Jackie with a Jet-Stor transport for assaults on long distance records. It is fine publicity for Lockheed to have Jackie break records in its aircraft. By the same token, the French military are delighted whenever the French Jacqueline beats one of the American Jacqueline's speed records.

Though the two women have been very close in their rivalry since 1951, they could not have started farther apart. Jackie was born Bessie Lee Pittman, on the wrong side of the tracks in a Florida sawmill town. As a child, she lived in shacks and slept on the floor. At 8, she tried to improve her lot—grits, bare feet and flour-sack dresses—by running away and working 12 hours a night, for 6¢ an hour, in a Georgia cotton mill. Three years later she was making \$1.50 a day in a beauty shop in Columbus, Ga., and at 13 was a full-fledged beauty operator.

"I honestly don't know my real age," she says today. "Some people claim I'm 57—but could a woman of 57 pilot a TF-104?"

Blonde, blue-eyed Jacqueline Auriol was born 45 years ago in the town of Challans in west central France. The daughter of a wealthy importer of timber, Jacqueline spent her early years under the dotting supervision of her parents. While Jackie never got beyond the third grade, Jacqueline received her baccalaureate from the university in Nantes and then attended the École du Louvre in Paris to study art.

Jackie first climbed into a plane in 1932, when she went to Roosevelt Field, on Long Island, to take flying lessons. She has a vivid memory of her first solo—after a 30-minute lesson, "I was getting ready to land," she recalls, "when suddenly the motor quit. I can remember thinking how considerate it was of my teacher to have arranged for the motor to stop while I was up there so I wouldn't have any trouble landing."

Her first solo convinced Jackie she should be a flyer. "You'd have to search for the reason in my childhood. I was born in a hovel, but I was determined to soar up among the stars. What I love about flying is being up there all alone with nobody to help you but yourself."

Two years later, Jackie was one of the best women flyers in the U.S.—and, incidentally, head of her own cosmetics

business. In 1934 she was the first woman to enter the Bendix Transcontinental Trophy Race. In 1938 she was the first woman to win it. In 1937 she established a women's speed record of 203 miles an hour. When World War II broke out, she became the director of the WASPs and was the first woman to ferry a bomber across the Atlantic. She was the first woman to break the sound barrier.

Along the way, Jackie married Floyd B. Odlum, chairman of the Federal Resources Corp., a uranium-mining firm. Odlum, who cannot pilot a plane and hates to fly, nevertheless has always encouraged Jackie in her pursuit of records.

Meanwhile, Jacqueline in 1938 had married Paul Auriol. When the Germans came, she refused to leave France; and Jacqueline remembers constant flights from the Gestapo, climbing over the hilly Vendée countryside with one infant son in a rucksack and the other fastened to her like a dog on a leash. After the war, when her father-in-law was elected President of France, Jacqueline became the Second Lady of the country. Charming and cheerful, she lived in the Élysée Palace, oversaw the endless round of diplomatic parties and dazzled Paris with gowns loaned to her by *haute couture* houses.

Tragic accident

Jackie first flew with Commander Raymond Guillaume, a renowned French aviator, and shortly after the liberation of Paris made her first solo. By 1949 she was a crack stunt pilot.

But in July of that year a plane in which she and some friends were passengers crashed into the Seine. She almost literally lost her face. There was a hole in place of her nose. Every tooth was broken. She had a double skull fracture and her jaw was broken. "I was a monster," she says. Her doctors sent her to the *généralie* (*"broken mugs"*) section of the Foch Hospital in Paris where the bone structure of her face—or a face—was restored. Later she traveled to New York, where a new face was fashioned for her in the course of 22 operations. "It was a long time before I looked in the mirror," she says.

But she did not hesitate to get back to flying—and into competition with Jackie Cochran. Two years after her accident she made her first assault on the wom-

en's world speed record, held, of course, by Jackie. Flying a British Vampire jet, she beat Jackie's record which had been set in 1947 in a propeller-driven plane. They have been at it ever since. And today the two women, from such different backgrounds, seem to share a good deal more than a passion for speed.

They agree that women make as good flyers as men, though Jacqueline is much more enthusiastic about the space flight of Valentina Tereshkova, Russia's lady astronaut, than is Jackie. Jackie is dubious about Russian claims, but Jacqueline sent a warm message to Valentina, saying, "Your flight serves the cause of women throughout the world."

By plunging into the man's world of flying, they have both encountered hostility, Jackie far less in the U.S. than Jacqueline in France. "It is important to act modestly with men while infiltrating one of their special provinces," Jacqueline notes. "Patience and humility permitted me to succeed. Only occasionally now do airmen notice that I am a woman." This last remark, of course, is modestly and patently untrue. Jacqueline is completely a woman—whether she appears in her beautifully cut dresses and suits or her flying costumes. Jackie has the same feminine awareness of fashion. Her clothes are made by Nina Ricci. Both are famous enough to have their life stories in book form. Jackie has published an autobiography. Jacqueline's story is told in a forthcoming biography by Newsmen Bernard Valéry.

As to their celebrated rivalry, the two will admit no personal feelings. "It is not a question of my own prestige," says Jacqueline. "The purpose was to demonstrate the superiority of a French plane over the American TF-104G." For her part, Jackie credits Jacqueline with helping her get the red ribbon of the Légion d'Honneur. And it was Jackie who prevented Jacqueline from President Truman to receive America's highest aviation award, the Harmon Trophy, in 1952. Nevertheless, no two people so determined, this competitive—and this feminine—are constituted to share anything like a world record in total harmony. As a friend of both women put it, "I sat between them one day during a luncheon. No, they didn't claw each other over my body. They were so sweet to each other for half an hour that I thought the place would explode!"

END

It is a sad thing to watch the fall of a great champion, and sadder still when the fall occurs in an atmosphere of petty bickering and name-calling. Had Pancho Gonzalez been the athlete he once was, the schism dividing him and the rest of the pros might have made the U.S. Professional Grass Court Championships at Forest Hills last week the most exciting tournament yet. It might even have made Pancho a bigger hero than ever. But Pancho was far from the man he used to be.

Under a fierce 95° sun in the stadium where he had scored his greatest triumphs, the most colorful and controversial tennis champion since Bill Tilden was beaten in the first round of the tournament, and beaten hopelessly. Even worse, he looked pitiful. Attempting a comeback at 35, after 21 months away from competition, Gonzalez staggered about the court like a stunned fighter. The small crowd, which applauded happily when Gonzalez won the second set with shots that reminded them of other days, sat in silence at the finish. Even Gonzalez' opponent, Alex Olmedo, looked embarrassed when the match was over.

With Pancho fallen—and fallen with such a soggy thud—the bickerings in the world of tennis suddenly lost their power

to generate excitement and became just mean. The meanness was perhaps most unfortunately evidenced in the post-match behavior of Pancho's principal off-court antagonist, Tony Trabert. Sitting in a box seat at courtide, Tony giggled with delight at the old champion's defeat. Trabert, a former champion himself, though never in a class with Gonzalez, is director of the International Professional Tennis Players Association, an organization from which Gonzalez had recently been suspended. "This is one of my happiest moments in tennis," Trabert said.

Bad blood has existed between Gonzalez and Trabert since 1956, when Gonzalez, whose pay was less than half of Trabert's, trounced the latter on Jack Kramer's pro tour. Gonzalez was angry that Trabert made more money than he did. Trabert resented the beating Gonzalez gave him. The feeling between the two was not softened this winter when Trabert replaced Jack Kramer as head of the tour and tried to sign Gonzalez. Pancho, making a comfortable living as a teaching pro at Huntington Hartford's Paradise Island, agreed to join only if he could play Rod Laver, the amateur king, man to man. Trabert preferred a round-robin format, and Gonzalez stayed home. Without Pancho, the only draw-

ing card in tennis, the tour did poorly.

The latest disagreement between the two arose over the filming of a television series similar to those in golf. Trabert's IPTPA, of which Gonzalez was (technically) a member, shot several pilot films with such players as Ken Rosewall, Rod Laver and Lew Hoad. Gonzalez, a man with Hollywood connections, decided to promote his own series with Pancho Segura. The IPTPA promptly suspended both of them. Meanwhile, Trabert had gone to work for The Adler Company, a hosiery firm sponsoring an invitational professional tournament in California from which both Panchos were also barred. Gonzalez sued, and the IPTPA sued right back. Such was the mood as the players gathered at Forest Hills.

As luck would have it, the tournament draw pitted Gonzalez against Trabert in the first round. At least the original draw did. When Trabert heard about it, he declared that the seedings were unfair, rearranged them and had a second draw. Trabert said he thought the second draw would be best for the public and the players.

"What players?" asked Gonzalez.

"All," answered Trabert.

"You're not speaking for me," Gonzalez shot back.

A LEGEND DIES ON THE COURT

by WALTER BINGHAM

Even the memory of his earlier days as the world's most exciting tennis player seemed remote as aging Pancho Gonzalez made a pathetic bid to come back



"I hope I never have to," Trabert replied.

When it was stated during a court hearing that Gonzalez had received a \$5,000 guarantee from the promoters of the tournament, whereas first prize money was only \$1,400, the other players got as bitter as Trabert. "This man comes out of retirement, making \$40,000 a year, and tries to break up our association," said Ken Rosewall.

"They won't even practice with me," said Gonzalez, "but I'm going to win this tournament and when I do, what are they going to do without the best player in the world?"

On the opening day of the tournament Gonzalez ate a sandwich and drank a glass of iced tea on the veranda of the West Side Tennis Club at Forest Hills. He was wearing yellow Bermuda shorts, a red, white and blue sport shirt, green shin-length socks and brightly shined loafers. His dark hair was long, movie actor style. Completely gone was the tall, shy boy of Mexican descent who had shot from nowhere to win the National Championship at this very club 15 years before. This man, despite his copper skin and the wicked-looking scar on his cheek, could have been born in Newport.

A photographer was buzzing around

snapping pictures. "Why don't you give that thing a rest?" harked Pancho. A reporter, offering his hand, was told: "Don't bother me now." Gonzalez finished his lunch, watched a few minutes of the Hoad-Buchholz match and then got ready to play.

The first set was long. Olmedo had no trouble holding service. Gonzalez, on the other hand, was in constant trouble. He was slow getting up to net and he committed a steady stream of astonishing errors. When he made two of them in the 18th game, Olmedo broke through and won the set 10-8.

In the second set Gonzalez came to life for a few minutes. His timing sharpened and his energy was not yet exhausted. For a brief time he was a young man again, covering the court like an animal. He tore off five straight games to win the set 6-2. But in the third set he fell behind 3-0 and all but stopped playing, walking through the last three games to lose 6-0. The 10-minute rest period was not nearly long enough. Olmedo hit short shots and lobs, and the former champion chased them futilely, the loud clomp of his feet on the court revealing how heavy his legs were. At 5-0 Gonzalez managed to hold his serve, then lost four straight points and the match. As he dumped the final shot in the net,

Gonzalez looked for a second as if he were going to throw his racket—or perhaps swallow it. Then, head down, he trotted to the net and gave Olmedo a hitter smile.

In the clubhouse Tony Trabert was having a ball. "The king of tennis no longer reigns supreme," he told reporters. "Gonzalez was thoroughly beaten and I enjoyed it very much, particularly after all the threats and boasts he's made. He's just not the man he used to be."

In another part of the clubhouse Gonzalez sat dejectedly on a wooden bench, a towel draped around his waist. "I don't like to quit like this," he said softly. "Such a poor showing. My legs just gave out." Then defiance crept into his voice. "One loss doesn't necessarily finish me. I'll still play any one of them anytime, if they dare. And I'll guarantee the gate. I'll play them Sunday, Monday, Tuesday . . ." His voice trailed off and reporters shifted uncomfortably from one foot to the other. "In any case," he said at last, "don't write my obituary yet."

Finished, Gonzalez rose, took a shower and dressed. He went downstairs to the club dining room where his wife was sitting alone in a corner. He sat down and took her hand. Then he quietly wept.

END





HE BEATS THE DRUMS FOR CHAMPS AND BUMS

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

Sartorially elegant and with a Hollywood flair, imaginative Harold Conrad is the most improbable fight flack in the business. At the moment he is selling Liston vs. Patterson as one of the great bouts of all time

Harold Conrad, the drummer, publicity man or flack, for the Liston-Patterson fight in Las Vegas on July 22, is in creative ecstasy. He is so excited about dreaming up stunts, or what he calls "gimmicks," to captivate the public that he is unable to sleep at night. Conrad lives for gimmicks. When he thinks of a particularly bright one, he is overjoyed. He figures he needs at least a dozen good gimmicks for a heavy-weight title fight. He doles them out over a four-week period, beginning with the more basic gimmicks that set the mood (grimly determined underdog, blithely confident champ) and ending up, a few days before the fight, with the superdopers (secret sparring, hushed-up injury, the visiting hypnotist). Each week Conrad dispenses a ration of gimmicks according to a planned schedule of hoopla. On a Sunday, a slow news day, he might plan to have the underdog flatten a sparring partner. On a Thursday, when the newsreels are in town, he will arrange to have one of the managers chased from the opponent's training camp.

What makes these gimmicks distinctive is that a) they are plausible and b) they are artfully based, somewhere,

somehow, on the truth. When, for instance, a manager is tossed out of the rival camp, it is not because the ouster was faked but because Conrad knew the manager would be thrown out if he dared to appear. Of course, it was Conrad who not only suggested that the manager show up but also tipped off the other side that the manager was in the crowd. Indeed, Conrad treads the delicate line of truth with such mingled brass and aplomb that Ben Hecht, who covered the first Liston-Patterson fight, hailed him as a "press wizard."

Conrad is unlike any other drummer of recent years. Instead of being short, squat, rumpled and cigar-smoking, he is tall, slender, well tailored and addicted to a cigarette holder. Elegant is the word that Conrad's friends use to describe him. On the most routine working day, he can be found dispensing hokum in a \$250 suit, Ascot tie and dark glasses. His ensemble is so sartorially striking that Sonny Liston and his manager, Jack Nilon, are often slack-jawed in awe. Once when Nilon managed to pull himself together for a contemptuous snort, Conrad dismissed him with a flick of a manicured hand. "I'm around to

give you bums some class," he said.

Conrad is the thinking man's press agent. In his spare hours he reads omnivorously, paints abstractions and reworks furniture culled from the Salvation Army. He is married to Mara Lynn, an actress-dancer who has appeared in films (*Let's Make Love*), on the stage (*This Was Bolesque*) and in numerous television shows. With their 9-year-old son, Casey, they live in a cavernous old-fashioned Manhattan apartment that Conrad has done up in burnt ochre and black. "Who else but Harold would have dared to have done that?" says Dr. Carl Fulton Sulzberger, a psychiatrist friend and old Broadway buddy. "Harold has superb taste." All in all, Conrad is a man of such varied attainments that he may well be the most unusual character to attend the fight in Vegas.

He has, among other things, been a Broadway columnist; shot pool with Leo Durocher; done publicity for a Florida gambling house run by Frank Costello and Joe Adonis (his job was to keep the joint's name out of the papers); "won" a gold medal for the U.S. in the 1948 Olympics (while working for J. Arthur Rank, he forced a British producer to

WITH ACTRESS WIFE MARA, CONRAD RELAXES IN OCHRE AND BLACK DEN

continued

show the film of the 400-meter relay race that proved the U.S. was not guilty of a technical violation); written Joe Palooka radio scripts (Ham Fisher, the Palooka cartoonist and a slow payer, used to mollify Conrad by inserting his name in the strip); and maintained fervent pulpships with Serge Rubinstein and Ed Leven, two of the age's most gifted swindlers.

Milton Berle, an old Hollywood acquaintance, esteems Conrad as a first-rate raconteur, and, for a spell, the Duke of Windsor found him a charming drinking companion on the Riviera. Conrad met the duke one summer while trying to buy Monte Carlo for an American syndicate. The deal fell through, but Conrad used to pass the evenings buying a round for the duke and talking about boxing, while the duchess played chemin de fer with Louis Jourdan. The relationship came to an end one night after the duke toddled off to bed. "How come the duke never springs for a drink?" Conrad happened to inquire of the bartender, an Englishman. As Conrad recalls it, "The bartender drew himself up like a fusilier and said, 'Sir, the King never buys!'"

Sophisticate that he is, Conrad has been stunned but once in his life, and that after Robert Harrison, the publisher of *Confidential*, asked him to do a film script based on the magazine. Given the key to the magazine's secret files, Conrad spent a couple of entranced days going through them, emerging with a pair of sprained eyeballs. He never wrote the script (the idea of putting pen to paper apparently caused his hand to become unsteady) and even today, when asked about the experience, his face glazes over and he is only able to mutter a dazed, "Wow, gee, golly."

Much of Conrad's deep interest in boxing stems from his fascination with the rogues populating the sport. He looks upon them as works of art in an all too pedestrian time, and when he encounters a character such as Evil Eye Finkel, of Slobodka Seare and Double Whammy notoriety, he will spend an hour chatting at close quarters, even if the Eye has not been bathing of late.

Conrad first became involved with boxing in his late teens when he went to work for his home-town *Book for Eagle*. At the time there was at least one fight

club going every night, and Conrad covered them all, including the Broadway Arena, where the boys from Murder, Inc. hung out, giving one another hotfoot and forcing speed candy on fans in the lobby.

Around the *Eagle*, Conrad was a dapper figure who dazzled the staff. He took to wearing a Chesterfield and derby and squaring Manhattan show girls. He became friendly with Damon Runyon and, from the late '30s until the war, he wrote a thrice-a-week Broadway column for the *Eagle*. Once a year the paper sent him to Hollywood for two weeks, where he furthered his taste for high life.

During the war Conrad served in the Army Air Corps, first in intelligence, then as a publicity man for the show, *Winged Victory*. He never rose higher than private first class, but at a distance he was often taken for a general since he wore a gorgeous uniform tailored for him by a theatrical costumer. After service he returned briefly to the *Eagle*, served as nightclub and movie editor on the *Mirror* and ghosted a novel, *The Curtain Never Falls*, an amusing tale about a comic who is a heel, for Joey Adams, the comedian. According to friends, Conrad dashed it off in six weeks. At the end of every week Conrad dispatched a finished chapter to Adams, out on the road with an act. Adams would toss the manuscript on the breakfast table the next morning and say to cronies, "Gee, I'm hushed. My fingers are sore again from typing all night." When the novel appeared it received excellent reviews, and Adams went around saying he had written it about Milton Berle. Actually, Conrad had hated the character on Adams. (Conrad himself will not admit that he wrote the novel for Adams. He does, however, proudly own up to the authorship of another novel, *Battle of Apache Pass*, which he wrote under his own name. "This Cochrane was a hell of a character," he says.)

In the late 1940s, Conrad moved to the Coast, where one of his first jobs was acting as press agent for something known as the American Roller skating Championships, then being held in Oakland. While there he looked up Casey Stengel, an old friend from Brooklyn who was managing the Oakland team in the Pacific Coast League. "We had a couple of drinks," Conrad recalls, "and I asked Casey if he would do me a favor. 'What is it?' he asked. I tell him all I

want him to do is put on a pair of skates and pose for photographers. He says, 'Sure, just as long as I don't have to skate. I don't know how.' So he's game. I get the photographers and put the skates on Casey. Just as he stands up, I give him a good shove from behind, and he goes sailing! We got a lot of space with that."

Conrad spent the early '50s in Hollywood, writing scripts. He never made a big score financially, but he had an active social life pulling around with the late Serge Rubinstein. "I met him when he first got out of the can," Conrad says. "You had to admire his ingenuity. Here was a guy who could control the market, steal the Bank of Japan, shake the Bank of France. That's really moving! What a background! Why, his father was Rasputin's accountant."

Rubinstein had a Napoleon complex, and everywhere he went he carried a Napoleon uniform with him. "He could hardly wait for a costume party," Conrad says, "even if he had to throw it himself." Few persons cared to attend Rubinstein's soirees, but Conrad was always on hand. "I had to be there," he says. "You can imagine the characters who went."

Conrad introduced Rubinstein to Ed Leven, a young Hollywood con man. Leven looked up to Rubinstein as a god. Rubinstein, for his part, so admired Leven that he refused to become involved with him legally. The closest they ever came to a deal was when Rubinstein okayed Leven's credit, which was nonexistent, with Harry Winston, the New York jeweler. As a result, Leven, who was hoping to marry Dolly Fritz, a San Francisco heiress, was able to get a \$6,000 ring on approval. Alas, private detectives hired by Miss Fritz's guardians broke up the romance. Interested onlookers have supposed that if Leven had succeeded in marrying Miss Fritz he would have split the swag with Rubinstein. Conrad denies this. "All Rubinstein wanted," he says, "was a chance to sell Leven some stock."

In show business circles, Leven is celebrated for his gail, and there are any number of people who try to top one another with "Leven stories." As Leven's closest friend—if friend is the word—Conrad figures in most of them and is held as the supreme arbiter of their authenticity. For several years Leven was a producer in Hollywood. His



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KNOWN BY THE COMPANY IT KEEPS BOTTLED IN CANADA, SEAGRAM'S IMPORTED

greatest epic was a film with the appropriate title of *Run for the Hills*. It starred Sonny Tufts and Barbara Payton. Just as Leven was about to start production on the picture, he was tossed into jail for traffic violations. But his luck held: he met an agent locked up on a drunk charge, and by the time the agent's bail had been posted, he and Leven had finished casting the minor roles.

"Leven was always looking to hustle money," Conrad says. "He always had a script of some sort. I suspected him immediately, but I didn't want to believe it. When a guy's talking millions, that's big numbers. You're hoping against hope, and you hulked yourself. He was always dropping big names, and he seemed to be some sort of a financial genius. He came up with something new all the time and his deals always missed just by a hairline, so you couldn't write him off."

Once Conrad recalls lending Leven \$4 for gas so he could drive to Palm Springs to buy RKO from Howard Hughes for \$18 million. "Leven had it all planned," Conrad says. "He was going to be head of the studio, and I was head writer. He had the whole deal wrapped up. But then it turned out that the two guys backing Leven were really only looking to establish a bigger credit rating of their own, and the minute it was mentioned in the press that they were offering \$18 million for RKO, they had made their point. They withdrew and told Leven to get lost. But by this time Leven's hanging around my joint and doing all his business on my phone. He owed \$450, and the phone company shut the service off. Out there they don't fool around. He was looking for money to produce *Run for the Hills*. After the picture, he said he had to go east, but we could have his car, a big Cadillac. We have it two weeks and a cop on Sunset Boulevard stops my wife and says it's a stolen car." The Conrads became fed up with Leven, especially after he spread the word that he was tired of having Conrad sponge off him, and so on his birthday Mara baked a cake and wrote on the icing, "To Leven, a complete rat." "Mara was serious," Conrad says. "but that didn't bother Leven. He cried and said, 'No

one ever baked a cake for me before.'"

When Rubinstein was murdered in New York and Leven went to San Francisco county jail for grand theft and thence to San Quentin twice (the first time for violation of the labor code and the second for violation of parole), this broke up what Conrad calls "a great quinnella." He moved back east and spent several years writing scripts, mostly for pilot films that never got off the ground. Three years ago, before the second Patterson-Johansson fight, Conrad

course we want the local guys to print that. I say to the two guys, 'Now, fellows, don't print that.' And they say, 'We won't. We don't want to hurt you.' I'm going crazy. The writers start to leave, because they don't want to intrude while D'Amato's yelling he's taking the fight out. Cus and I had to follow them out of the room. 'Don't print this story,' D'Amato's telling them. They keep saying they won't. What can we do? Finally D'Amato offers to give one of them a lift in his car. Then I knew that writer

was had. Ten minutes alone with D'Amato, and D'Amato could sell him anything. I take the other writer, and I say to him, 'Gee, I'll bet that guy's going to write the story about Cus canceling the fight and your paper's going to get stuck.' And the windup, of course, is that both guys print the story.

"Then I decide to build up McNeely," Conrad continues. "I find out there's an old boxer training at night in McNeely's gym in Toronto. So I told the gym man not to say who's training, and I let the word out that something's going on in the gym at night. It was great. The newspapers started writing about McNeely holding secret practice. And then when McNeely denied it—which was the truth—that made it a better story. If the writers had come to me, I would have said I didn't say McNeely was training. I only said I understood some guy was training secretly. You lie to writers once, and you're dead. But you have to leave a lot of loopholes."

Sometimes a gimmick will just happen. "Before the Liston-Patterson fight in Chicago," Conrad says, "Jimmy Grappo, the hypnotist, writes a letter to each fighter offering to hypnotize him so he can't feel the punches. Grappo is trying to work it so neither fighter knows about his offer to the other fighter. But he scrambles the letters in the envelopes, so Liston gets the letter to Patterson, and Patterson gets the letter to Liston."

"This is a natural! I put D'Amato on the Jack Egan radio show, and he really shouts about how Liston is trying to pull something with a hypnotist. The next morning Cus is with the reporters, and I say to him, like I'm disgusted,



PALOOKA SCRIPTS brought Hal Conrad erratic paydays from Ham Fisher, but frequent mention in comic strip.

returned to his first love, boxing, this time as a publicist. After his experiences in Hollywood, he was a success from the start. Conrad likens his role in building up a fight to that of a producer casting a spectacular. "Once the sportswriters rely upon you, you can get away with a lot of things," he says. "Not lies, but you can broaden things. Tongue in cheek. Fun things. Cus D'Amato is one of the real characters. Of course, maybe D'Amato is for real. He's a method actor. He can register any emotion, and you believe it. Anger! He's angry. Amazement! He's amazed. He's better than Brando. Up in Toronto for the Patterson-McNeely fight, we staged an argument about \$1 million that was supposed to be put up. Now, I was not lying: the \$1 million had not been put up. So Cus and I have this argument in front of two local reporters. D'Amato's yelling he's calling the fight off, and of

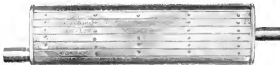
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"These guys need copy and you drop a story like that on radio." Immediately all the writers get excited and yell, "What? What? They're hooked. This is great psychology. Now they're begging Cus to tell them. If he had told them straight out, they would have said, 'What are you trying to sell us?' Now they're asking for the story. So D'Amato announces he's going to the commission with a hypnotist. Everyone was all primed. Newsreels, television, everyone! Cus gets a hypnotist, and this hypnotist hypnotized a dame, touched her with a torch, belted her, and Cus says that this conclusively proves his argument that a hypnotized boxer does not feel pain. Boy, we got a lot of space on that. This is what hooks people who are not fight fans alone. You have to get the public aroused."

According to Conrad, timing is just as important as the gimmicks. "You have to plan it so you'll reach your peak a week before the fight," he says. "Then all the writers come in and take over, and you no longer have to sweat, because they're there. Everything is ready. You've created this hysteria. And the writers are excited by all the space you've gotten before they arrived. One reason I made the most out of having all the longhair guys—Norman Mailer, James Baldwin, Budd Schulberg, Gerald Kersh—in Chicago is that you don't see these guys at a World Series, a pro football playoff or the Stanley Cup. But at a big fight you do, and I think the sportswriters are impressed. Guys are still talking about the scene."

Although Conrad eschews the sensational, a gimmick has occasionally threatened to backfire. Before the third Johansson-Patterson fight, Conrad gave Oscar L. Haley, the UPI columnist, a story about Johansson's alleged doping in the second fight. "I never said Johansson was poisoned," Conrad says, throwing up his hands in honest-Injun fashion. "But Whitney Binstock, who was training Johansson, said, 'Gee, I think he is doped.' So that makes it a story. The *Journal-American* picks it up and runs a headline: JOHANSSON DOPED. So three days later two guys from the Kefauver Committee come in to see Johansson and Binstock. I speak to these guys and I say, 'You mean this is the way you two guys operate?' You want to come in on the tail end of my publicity? You believe everything you read in the papers?" The fight was going great, and so they want to get

continued

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HE BEATS THE DRUMS *continued*

on the bandwagon. Oh, I really let 'em have it."

The forthcoming Liston-Patterson fight should present Conrad with the severest challenge of his career. On form, the fight looks like a flop. The last time the fighters met, Liston knocked out Patterson in 2:06 of the first round. It was no contest. Before that, Liston also knocked out his previous opponent in one round. But Conrad, who will be trying to build up the Vegas fight as an even battle, has already figured this angle.

"Why, Liston's fought less than five minutes in two years," he says. "He's probably rusty."

Liston's complaint of an injured left knee has also been duly noted, and should Sonny catch an act at a local hotel, the word will spread of his nightclubbing. By the time the bell rings, Liston will have been billed as a creaking overweight cripple. At the same time Conrad is deflating Liston, he will be building up Patterson. Floyd can be counted on to make only one public appearance (to a Boy Scout encampment on the merits of clean living), hold hush-hush drills and impress visiting experts like Al Weill who will exclaim over his fitness and determination. In the meanwhile, Conrad will see to it that pictures of Patterson regaining the title from Johansson are shown at every Elks smoker in Nevada, the moral being it can happen again.

And, of course, there will be other gimmicks galore, some of them superdupers now taking form in Conrad's feverish mind. "This is the creative part of this business," he says, all aglow. "It's the Hollywood bit. It's show business. The writers love it. The younger writers eat it up. This is a new thing to them. They're around baseball, pro football—they don't get this kind of action there. The fight racket has got characters and hoopla. What would the scuffers do without the fight racket? What would they do without fighters to belt? There's all the scheming and intrigue leading up to the fight, then the fight itself. There's no moment like that moment before a heavyweight championship fight. It reaches you. It has to. It's the biggest thing in American sports. Now, if all this hoopla had been built up for a phony wrestling match, this would be anticlimactic. But it isn't. It's for a big event, the biggest. The intrigue all leads up to it, and the more hunk you get with the hoopla, the bigger that moment is."

END

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Illustrations by Francis Golden

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THE WORLD'S MASTER CASTER

It is an odd and interesting fact that all males in the U.S. have an inborn, God-given talent: they are all expert fishermen. The same men who will rush emotionally to their golf pros for lessons, buying a \$35 putter every time a putt fails to drop, shun expert guidance when it comes to fishing.

These pseudoexperts watching a casting tournament are privately amazed and publicly scornful at the virtuosity of the casters. Their comments sound something like this: "Anybody could cast with that expensive equipment." "With all that practice, I could cast with a broomstick." "I like to fish. I don't want to waste time just casting." "I know they can cast. But can they catch fish?"

Such comments have been heard often by Master Caster Jon Tarantino (*see cover*), a young man of 26 who lives in San Francisco. Jon Tarantino dissents. "It's just that fishing is so much easier and more enjoyable when you know how to cast right," he says. "You don't have the fly around your ears all the time, and you don't waste precious fishing time standing around cussing yourself."

Jon Tarantino is worth listening to. He has won the world amateur all-around casting championship for the last six years—every year the tournament has been held.

These six world championships reflect the astonishing talent of a young man who has dominated the delicate, difficult, graceful and precise sport almost from the first day he picked up a rod.

That was in April 1948, when Jon was 10 years old. Only two months later, having passed his 11th birthday, Jon won the Western States junior dry-fly accuracy title. And the next month he went on to win

continued



Proper casting is a matter of comfort. Tarantino's grip on the rod is firm but not too tight. The rod should be thought of as an extension of the arm and the line an extension of the rod and arm. For distance fly casting, Tarantino uses the double-line haul (following pages). He also fills his reel with a specially designed "shooting head" line, consisting of 30 feet of a double-taper fly line, 100 feet of 20-pound-test monofilament and a backing of braided Dacron.





CASTER

the same event in national competition.

"I was very proud of that," Tarantino says. "From then on I just kept getting more and more interested. I tried all the games (that's what the tournament events are called) and the fellows at the club—the Golden Gate Angling and Casting Club—were more than anxious to help me. That's one of the great things about this sport—the way people try to help you."

"Everybody says I'm a natural," Jon says, "but I rather argue the point, because I've put in an awful lot of hours. I could have taught a monkey in a shorter time than I taught myself."

"Casting is easy to learn, but to do tournament work, where you want absolute precision for accuracy and distance that takes time."

In 1952, when he was 15, Tarantino entered the national tournament as a senior. "Usually you wait until you are at least 18, but I decided I might as well

continue!



Tarantino demonstrates the double-cast half-swing. On the back cast, he pulls down quickly, but smoothly, as the fly and his left arm is extended at the top. As the fly nears the end of the back cast, and the line straightens, Jon raises the hand still holding the line until it meets his right hand at the reel. When the rod is stored forward, Tarantino again pulls the line down—and back—until his hand is perpendicular to the water. The rod comes forward. Tarantino releases the line and it shoots through the guides. In deep water (right), Tarantino often holds loops loosely in his mouth to keep the line from fouling. To shoot it, he opens his mouth on the forward cast.





The common method of holding an inflament line when casting with an open-face spinning reel is to hook it over the index finger (right). Tarrant objects to this, because the line is often released with a jerk, making it difficult to tell if the lure is in the proper trajectory. Also, when using live bait, the jerk may snap it off the line. Tarrant instead holds the line against the reel spool with his forefinger (below, right). When his finger is lifted the line is released smoothly, without any snap



In surf casting Tarrant uses a three-quarter sidearm motion. With the sinker

on the beach, he starts by bringing the rod forward, pushing with his right hand, pulling with his left and transferring weight from right to left foot for full power. At the very end (not shown), his left hand is held against his chest



CASTER *continued*

get into the tough competition," he says.

"He was just a fat little kid then," says Doug Merrick of San Francisco, the man who makes the famed R. L. Winston rods, "but he was already beating everybody around the club."

"I'm still a fat kid," says Tarantino, "only now I'm taller."

In his first national as a senior, youngster Tarantino beat the men, won the skish all-around and came in third in the overall competition.

Skish, a contraction of "skill in fishing," embraces events in which standard, on-the-market fishing gear is used. Specifically, the events are: spinning for accuracy with a 3/8-ounce lure; bait casting for accuracy with a 5/8-ounce plug; a fly-casting event that combines dry-fly, wet-fly and roll casting; fly casting for distance; bait casting for distance with a 5/8-ounce plug; and spinning for distance.

The next year Tarantino won the national all-around—eight specialized events, some of which have little relation to actual fishing. Since then he has won five more national all-around titles and

in last year's competition tied for first.

What makes all-around competition so tough is that it is absolutely necessary for a competitor to score in all eight events, and in some it is extremely easy to fail if you do not have the feel.

In bait casting for distance, for example, a 5/8-ounce plug is attached to hair-line monofilament wound on a small free-running spool in a specially machined reel. If you know what you are doing, you can throw the 5/8-ounce plug more than 400 feet. Jon has thrown it 472 feet in practice.

"Five hundred feet is the four-minute mile for us," Jon says. "That's what we're all trying for. This game is quite different from real fishing. It might be compared with bench shooting—everyone gets a chance to develop his own tackle."

The trick is to cast without breaking the skinny line. You are allowed five casts and must complete three to score. If you break the line three times you are automatically out of the all-around.

In world competition the rule is that you must finish with your original tackle, a fact that Jon had driven home to him in an unforgettable manner.

"It was in the first tournament in Kiel, Germany," he recalls. "I got a buck-lash and, as we usually do, I just cut it off and started to spool a new line. Then an official told me that wasn't allowed. I made my last two casts with 26 knots in the line. There was no other way. I needed those two casts to stay in the tournament."

For all its delicacy, tournament casting can generate enormous pressure. "You train all year and then you've got five minutes to produce or get out," Tarantino says. "Sometimes the pressure builds up to such a point that it becomes an ordeal to tie a simple knot. You often think you can taste the juice of the big watermelon that's stuck in your throat. They say I have no nerves, but I shake my share."

To win the all-around championship a competitor does not have to win every event, but he must win or be close to the top in most. This means he cannot afford to lie back and play it safe, staying within average range. He has to go all out—all the time. Over the years Tarantino has won seven of the 10 world events and 16 of the 17 national events. In addition, he holds three world and eight national

continued



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CASTER *continued*

casting records (below). Of these, the most remarkable are his perfect scores of 100 points in national and international dry-, wet-, and skish-fly accuracy events. To get these scores he had to hit his targets on every cast; some of these targets were 55 feet away and only 30 inches in diameter. And in the skish-fly events he hit the target 30 times in succession.

"I want to be the world's best caster and I want to win by casting, not by having an advantage in equipment," Jon says. "That's the way we all feel. Of course, I want the best equipment I can get. If you know your equipment is the

TARANTINO'S RECORDS (national and international)

DISTANCE	
Event	Feet
5.8-ounce bait	453
5.8-ounce bait*	450 3
treat fly	201
single-handed fly*	169 3
double-handed salmon fly	227
skish bait	295
ACCURACY	
Event	Points
dry fly	100
wet fly	100
skish fly	100
skish fly*	100
skish spinning	78

*Records obtained in International Casting Tournament competitions.

best you can get the only thing you have to fight is yourself."

The Golden Gate Angling and Casting Club helps pay Tarantino's way to the national competition, held by the American Casting Association, which in turn finances the American team on its forays into Europe for the world competition. But Tarantino admits his pursuit of titles has been expensive. "I was fortunate or unfortunate enough to rise quickly in the game," he says. "When that happens you are afraid of being knocked off, and you spend more hours practicing and more hours experimenting."

"Even when I was learning the basics I wanted to know why the opposite things wouldn't work. I was always fiddling with the rods and lines. I know 10 million things that won't work and a few that do."

By this constant jiggering Jon has become one of the world authorities on tackle. "The whole thing is a matter of balancing your equipment, and it needn't be expensive," he says. "If you follow what the manufacturer says, you'll probably be all right."

In spite of all his records and his encyclopedic knowledge of tackle, the universal question asked Jon Tarantino is, "Do you fish?"

The answer is yes. He goes fishing every chance he gets. And he gets fish.

His tournament travels have given him the opportunity to fish some of the world's famous waters and, enjoyable as these experiences have been, Jon's favorite grounds are still close to home in California's steelhead and salmon rivers.

Tarantino sums up good fly casting this way: "There are only a few basics that apply. There is very little wrist action. The lift is done with the arm and the wrist. There is just the slightest pick-up with the wrist as you give the line speed to get it up and behind you. When you come forward there is just the slightest wrist action in the other direction. Proper casting is a matter of comfort, not a matter of rules. The grip should not be too tight on the rod, just comfortably firm. The rod is just a continuation of your arm."

"Bring back your rod with an upward, circular motion of your forearm. I don't like to teach by the clock method—just bring the rod back far enough to get a good, high back cast. Wait until the final moment of turnover, when the line is perfectly straight behind you, and then bring your arm forward. The important thing is to wait until the back cast has turned over completely and the line is straight behind you, nearly perpendicular to the rod tip."

"If you turn it over too quickly the line speed increases and the fly pops off. If you wait too long, the fly tucks out the rears or trees behind you. Until you learn the proper timing by feel, the simple thing to do is to turn your head and look over your shoulder to make sure the line is straight before bringing the rod forward. If you make a proper back cast, it is almost impossible not to make a proper forward cast."

"The effort used in correct casting is about one-quarter the effort the average fisherman uses. Good casting takes no sweat and requires so little effort you can easily cast an eight-hour day without knocking yourself out. You have more fun and you catch more fish."

END

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ECONOMY SIZE IN GOLD CUPS



Seattle's favorite grocery store manager wins new customers for Thriftway Supermarkets by winning races and prizes in a high-powered thunderboat

by REX LARDNER

Bill Muncey, an assured, chunky man of 34, with sandy hair, giant forearms, a handsome, round face and amiable spaces between his upper teeth, looks like what, in fact, he is: a young man on the way up in the grocery business. "The Associated Grocers are the finest people I've ever met," says Grocer Bill with his customary enthusiasm. "They've set me up in a supermarket here in Seattle and have given me a chance to learn the business. I'm in the store almost all the time, doing the book-keeping and carrying packages out to cars. Someday I may own the whole thing."

Even if Muncey's store fails to pay off, however, it is unlikely that Associated Grocers, who run the Thriftway stores, will regard him with any less favor as long as he continues to perform another chore for them. That chore consists of driving a seemingly endless succession of *Miss Thriftways* to victory in U.S. hydroplane races.

Anytime a *Miss Thriftway* wins a race, the 74 supermarkets benefit from the victory, so it is likely that the grocers will be glad to excuse Bill from his check-out counter this weekend, even if the shopping is heavy in Seattle. Bill will be 2,000 miles away, trying for his fifth Gold Cup—symbol of world championship in unlimited hydro racing—on the Detroit River.

Muncey's four Gold Cups (no one but the famed Gar Wood ever won as many before) are not the only trifles on his trophy shelves. Last year, besides the Gold Cup, he won the President's Cup, the Diamond Cup, the Spirit of Detroit Trophy and the Governor's Cup. He holds a 15-mile-heat speed record of 112.312 mph and a world race record of 109.157 mph. In 1960 he set a world mile mark for propeller-driven boats of 192.001 mph, which stood until last year when *Miss U.S. I*, with Roy Duby at the wheel, pushed it up to 200.440. Muncey is a charter member of the Hydroplane Hall of Fame and has been elected to the Gulf Marine Racing Hall of Fame four times. Last year he won the unlimited hydro championship for the third time in a row and, to show what it thought of him, the city of Seattle resoundingly named him 1962's Man of the Year in Sport.

But the triumph Bill Muncey is proudest of earned no trophy or title—except maybe that of "survivingest." During one three-year span he raced 56 consecutive heats in

continued

IN SEATTLE STORE. Bill Muncey pauses beneath comic cutout of a hydro diver to discuss his future as the world's fastest grocer.

Bob Fennell

an unlimited hydroplane at speeds upward of 100 mph without a single mechanical failure. In a sport—"the hairiest sport of all," say some—where shattered boats and sudden catastrophe are commonplace, this record makes Joe DiMaggio's hitting streak and Lou Groza's point-after-touchdown mark downright spotty. "The only driver to come close," says Muncy, "completed about 12 heats without a failure."

It is not remarkable, under these circumstances, that most hydro drivers admit that they are afraid of the monstrous "thunderboats" they race in. "There's nothing pleasant about racing an unlimited," says Muncy. "The pleas-

ure comes only after you win." Other racers have described the sensation of driving the 2,000 or more horses that are caged in the cylinders of an Allison or Rolls-Royce hydro engine as "like racing over railroad ties on a motorcycle with solid tires."

The boats built for unlimited racing cost upward of \$20,000, weigh anywhere from 3,500 pounds to 10,000 and generally measure 25 feet or more. They are frequently known as three-point hydros because at about 60 mph they rise out of the water and ride on three surfaces: two forward sponsons (something like pontoons) and one blade of a two-bladed propeller aft. At about

130 mph, the boat rises even higher out of the water, supported by air rushing into the tunnel formed by the hull and the vertical edges of the sponsons. At this point the sponsons no longer carry weight, but merely balance the hull, their after ends bouncing from wave crest to wave crest in a kind of aquatic waltz, and the tail section rises free of the water. Sometimes the whole hydroplane rises. In 1955 the late Lou Fagol, driving *Slo-Mo-Shoo V*, took off from the water and soared 60 feet into the air to do a backflip.

When an unlimited is roaring along at 160 mph or so, the surface of the water can act like a giant knife to shear off

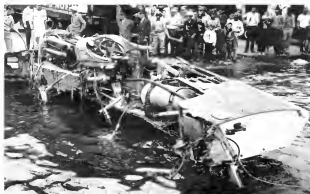
Bill Muncy first took up with this temperamental sport when he was a boy in Royal Oak, Mich., the son of a Chevrolet dealer who loved boats. A high school halfback who managed to play for two seasons without scoring a single touchdown, Muncy made up for his lack of prowess on land by racing over the water. "The first time I took a run in a hydroplane," he says, "I recognized that there was a new way to express myself. I could feel the temper of the boat. It wasn't just noise and confusion. The whole sensation was a kind of uplifting series of cadences. I could feel it in the steering wheel, hear it in the motor and sense it in the boat's movements. It was the biggest kick I ever got." Muncy drove his first unlimited, *Miss Great Lakes*, when he was 20. She was considered a tired old boat, and Muncy, regarded as a tyro, was warned that she might come apart. He drove the old wreck to qualify at an average speed of 97 mph in a heat of the Harmsworth trials. But in another race soon afterward, exactly as predicted, the boat came apart, and Muncy, trapped in the cockpit, was nearly drowned.

After attending General Motors Institute of Technology, he went to Rollins College in Florida and majored in business administration, with an eye to becoming an automobile dealer. There he met his dark-haired Kit (now a competitive racing sailor under canvas), courted her on a motorcycle, married her, honeymooned on a cruiser and settled in Detroit, where he began working for his father.

During the Korean War, Muncy achieved the rating of corporal and led a 22-piece Army orchestra in the U.S. and Europe. On his discharge he went back to work for his father, but kept racing hydroplanes of all sizes. Then, to his surprise, he was summoned to Seattle by Wilard Rhodes, a big wheel in Associated Grocers, to drive the Ted Jones-designed *Miss Thriftway* in the Gold Cup race on Lake Washington.

Ted Jones, one of the world's foremost designers of three-point hydroplanes and one of Seattle's major heroes, began experimenting with hydros back in the '20s. In 1942 he introduced himself to Stanley Sayres, a well-to-do Chrysler dealer, and offered to design a hydroplane for nothing if Sayres would back him in competition. *Slo-Mo-Shoo IV* was the result and, with Jones at the

continued



THIS MISS THRIFTWAY BLEW UP IN MIDAIR IN A RACE FOR THE GOVERNOR'S CUP

portions of the boat—or the driver. Even if a fire should break out in an unlimited, few drivers would dare jump out until the boat had slowed down. Getting hit by the rooster tail streaming up from an opponent's stern is like getting hit by a dozen fire hoses. A boat struck by a rooster tail between the sponsons can be thrown into all manner of gymnastic contortions.

To avoid these and other catastrophes, the hydro driver must keep his boat and his engine in delicate balance. If the engine is revved too high for the hull speed, it may blow up. If the propeller gets too far out of the water, the engine will race and may blow up.



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wheel, it revolutionized unlimited racing. Then Jones broke with Sayres and designed a boat for Rhodes, recommending that Muncey be the driver. Muncey, who talks almost as well as he drives, was signed on as a public relations man with Associated Grocers, Inc. and began making speeches (as many as 300 a year) before civic groups and clubs, winning races and friends for the supermarkets. "I talk about my experiences in racing and how anybody, with dedication, can be a good unlimited driver," Muncey says. "I don't peddle prunes. It's a soft sell."

In his first Gold Cup race Muncey was declared the winner, only to find out an hour later (after being chucked in the lake) that a recount of point scores put him in second place. The boat that won—*Gale V*, out of Detroit—finished second in the first two heats and third in the last one. Muncey had two firsts and a third, but *Gale V* picked up extra points for completing the fastest overall time for the three heats. Seattle fans, however, agreed solidly on two things: Detroit had won only a statistical victory, and Bill Muncey took corners better than any hydro racer alive.

In the 1956 race in Detroit an even bigger brouhaha took place. Muncey won, with Detroit's *Miss Pepsi* second. Then it was charged that Muncey had knocked over a buoy. Enraged, Muncey hollered that he had not knocked over a buoy. Rhodes claimed he had 200 witnesses to prove his driver had not hit the buoy. Detroit produced witnesses who said they had seen him hit the buoy. Films showed that Muncey was right, and his Seattle boosters gave up drinking Pepsi-Cola. Months later, when all the legal tangles were ironed out, Muncey was awarded his first Gold Cup. The following year he won his second Gold Cup without dispute, and ever since Seattle has increased its lead in unlimiteds over Detroit, with the Detroit slogan being a wistful "Beat Muncey."

Each year this becomes more difficult, and that is just the way Bill Muncey wants it.

"People tell me it's a mistake to expect to win every race," he says. "But I tell them if you accept the responsibility to put on a good performance, dedicate yourself and prepare yourself mentally—why, there's no reason you can't win every time out. 'I don't come here to lose,' I tell them."

Besides being an artist at turning corners and at hiding behind an opponent's rooster tail to cut inside him when he least expects it, Muncey wins races by psychology. He decides, after considerable study, how fast he must go to beat the best drivers and best boats in a race, and he does not exceed that speed. "If my estimate is accurate," says Muncey, who has a stopwatch brain, "the boats that try to stay ahead of me or try to catch me will blow."

Muncey, who smokes a lot but does not drink—"I just don't like booze"—would much rather race against experienced drivers than hot dogs. He feels that emotion has no place in unlimited

burst and bearings neocoheted around his legs like shrapnel.

In the workshop back of the three-level house where Bill, Kit and their three kids live, high on a Seattle hill, there is a jagged and terrifying piece of a *Miss Thriftway* that blew up with Muncey in it. Near by is a series of photographs showing the boat disintegrating on the Ohio River in one of hydro racing's most spectacular accidents. "Nevertheless," says Bill Muncey, "I don't believe in luck. It makes me sore if somebody says 'good luck' to me before a race. If you're adequately prepared, you don't need luck."

Muncey attributes his success and his



HYDRO RACER MUNCEY HELPS MUNCEY THE SAILBOAT RACER GET SET TO GO

racing. "When a driver gets emotional, he gets dangerous," he says.

Bill Muncey has had his share of danger over the years. In the 1956 President's Cup in Washington, D.C. he struck a wall of water, which instantly sheared 12 feet off the port side of *Miss Thriftway*. In 1957 his boat caught a swell in the Governor's Cup and, scaring 10 feet into the air, blew up like a clay pigeon hit by an expert shot. Muncey was thrown out of the boat and landed in the water 50 feet away. He suffered severe kidney injuries.

Once during a race on Lake Mead, Muncey's propeller broke off and slashed its way through the hull. The gearbox

survived to respect for his Rolls-Royce engines, to 20 years' experience as a hydro driver, to a gang of assistants he calls the "best and most dedicated pit crew in hydroplane racing" and to the knowledgeable supervision of Thriftway's Willard Rhodes, who gets up anywhere from \$30,000 to \$50,000 annually to keep the various *Miss Thriftways* racing.

"I don't consider myself a colorful driver," Muncey admits. "Lou Fageel was colorful. Colonel Russ Schlech is colorful. Miro Slovák is colorful. I'm not so interesting to watch. But when that checkered flag goes down, I try to see that I'm there. I consider it my responsibility to Thriftway stores." **END**

A midsummer night's dream of autumn

The best college football players of last year shuffled off to touchdowns in Buffalo before a critical audience



On the day of the game it was 93°. In the furnace heat of the University of Buffalo dormitory where the All-Americans had been imprisoned for a week and a half, there was little for them to do. The poolroom downstairs in the Student Union was closed, so they just sweated and sat slumped on the sofas and chairs of the lobby and pondered the penal agonies of playing football in the month of June.

The only visible sign of life was at a table in the corner where a cluster of the top professional draft choices of 1962 sat in thigh-bulging Bermuda shorts and sandals and drowsily played a game of whist. Then somebody put on a twist record, and Dave Robinson, the big Penn State end who is going to the Green Bay Packers, began to sing a high-pitched harmony with it. Halfback Kermit Alexander of UCLA and the San Francisco 49ers observed him broodingly: "Oh, you sing good, real good. Cut your throat, man."

For the approaching task, the third annual All-American bowl game of the American Football Coaches Association, the card players seemed to feel that their throats already were cut. Most of the East and West stars were, after all, going from Buffalo to their respective pro camps. And as Minnesota Tackle Bobby Bell, sitting across from Alexander, said, "I don't want to lose my peak too early. This is just the first game of a long season."

Bobby Bell may have hit his peak when he signed that five-year, no-cut contract with the Dallas Texans—now the Kansas City Chiefs—even though he will have to move from tackle to linebacker for Coach Henry Stram. "Don't mind that, either," said Bell. "I went to Minnesota as a quarterback, and they moved me to the line. I liked the contact. And at linebacker, you can pick your contact."

Bell and Alexander provided much of the pregame conversation for the pro scouts from all 22 clubs, who gathered every day at the workouts to be sure their draftees still had two arms, two legs and plane tickets to camp. Moreover, it was Bell and Alexander, both on the West team, who drew most of the praise from the college coaches. USC's John McKay, who coached the West with Arkansas' Frank Broyles and Nebraska's Bob Devaney for assistants, was the most fulsome. "Kermit Alexander was the best college player in the country last year," said McKay. "He looks no different here." Of Bell, a quick 6 foot 4, 230-pounder, McKay drooled, "He's 100"; better than any player we had last year. Make that 200%."

While these words brightened the smile of 49er Scout Pappy Waldorf and poured like music into the ears of Kansas City Owner Lamar Hunt, the two players were unmoved. "I have a lot of playing to do," said Bell. So does Alexander, of course, but, unlike Bell, he does not know at which position it will be.

"It doesn't make any difference to me where I play," Kermit said. "I got what I wanted. Now they'll get what

RON VANDERKELN: A LITTLE SLOW BUT A LOT OF PRIDE

they want. They sent me a book with half offensive plays and half defensive plays and said learn 'em all." Waldorf, plodding along the sidelines with the other scouts watching the moves and reactions of all of the investments, said, "We just don't know if he'll be a tight back, flanker or defensive back, but he can do it all, which is why we drafted him No. 1."

If the future pros were unnerved by their critical audience, Alexander was not prepared to admit it. "We saw them out there, man," he said. "We heard some of their comments, too. We just laughed at them."

Some of the comments of the scouts were not meant to be amusing. "That Ron VanderKelen," said an NFL scout, "I don't know about him. He wands up and looks flat-footed to me. You got to be able to move around back there, and get that ball away. I don't know about him."

Another scout looked at then Hugh Campbell, the end, and said, "He's just too small. He's slow, too."

When Glynn Griffing, the Ole Miss quarterback who was drafted by the New York Giants, turned up chubby and with his throwing arm too rusty to give VanderKelen a serious challenge for the job under the East's head coach, Milt Bruhn, a scout murmured, "I'm appalled."

"I'm not," said the usually provocative Jack Faulkner, coach of the Denver Broncos. "I'm looking for cuts."

No body contact

No matter what shape the West squadmen appeared to be in, the coaching staff, McKay, Broyles and Devaney, decided to at least keep it whole. No body-contact workouts were held. "We didn't use body contact because we didn't want anybody sore," Broyles said. "In football your first contact work of the year is always your best. We know we have football players. They wouldn't be here if they weren't. We want to get that best workout from them in the game."

The favored East did hold body-contact sessions. Perhaps they should not have done so. Even their pride didn't make them winners.

Before the game East's starting quarterback, Wisconsin's VanderKelen, had said, "We've got a lot of talent and pride on this team, and players with pride always do O.K."

No one that night had more pride than VanderKelen, and he did O.K. Even though his team lost the game 22-21 in what Buffalo price-makers considered an upset, the Wisconsin star responded to the challenge of his critics by throwing one touchdown pass to his college teammate, Pat Richter, and by leading his team to another score that briefly put the East ahead. But the Minnesota Vikings, who decided to sign VanderKelen after his great Rose Bowl game, could not have been more delighted than the 49ers, who had to fix their eyes on Hugh Campbell instead of Kermit Alexander for the West. Campbell may be a thin man, but he's a heavyweight receiver. The

Washington State end caught eight passes for 108 yards and two touchdowns.

More delighted still was easy-going Willie Walls of the Pittsburgh Steelers. He saw a non-All America, USC's Bill Nelsen, steal the muggy evening from the glamour boys. John McKay chose Nelsen to replace Hersman Trophy Winner Terry Baker, who was ill. Running McKay's wide-action "I" formation, and looking mainly for Hugh Campbell, Nelsen passed for two touchdowns and the two-point conversion, which actually decided the game.

As Willie said, "There's mine over there, Nelsen. Watch him roll out there to the left and then throw. He don't look too bad out there in the middle of all that wild honey, does he?"

END



BILL NELSEN: KING BEE IN THE MIDDLE OF WILD HONEY

Oops, there goes another old shrine

In St. Louis the relentless march of progress has doomed one of baseball's landmarks—and not everyone seems to be overjoyed

In the days before towns like Detroit and Los Angeles and Houston mattered very much, St. Louis was one of the great cities of the U.S., along with New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. Size and importance, not the luck of the draw, made St. Louis for half a century one of the five cities in the country with teams in both major leagues. But even as it assumed its double major league status, St. Louis was moribund, or at least going backward. When the Browns finally moved out after the 1953 season, it seemed right that they should, symptomatic of the way things were and would continue to be.

Now, however, St. Louis is in a renaissance, humming with vitality. Dendly old buildings that choked the downtown area have been swept away, and new construction—controlled by a master plan with taste and imagination—is rising in their place. The stumps of Eero Saarinen's magnificent stainless steel arch, a symbolic gateway to the West that will rise higher than the Eiffel Tower, have started to grow near the waterfront. And, literally within the shadow that splendid arch will cast, work has begun on Busch Memorial Stadium, a \$23,000,000 civic enterprise to which Anheuser-Busch Inc. has subscribed

\$5,000,000 and in which the St. Louis Cardinals will play, beginning with the 1966 season.

All this is fine and good, a worthy thing to be happening to a city as friendly and pleasant as St. Louis. The only sad thought is: There goes another old ball park. There goes Sportsman's Park.

Baseball has been played since 1866 on the site of Sportsman's Park (all right, then, Busch Stadium, as it was renamed a decade ago, though it is about as easy to call Sportsman's Park Busch Stadium as it is to remember that Philadelphia's Shibe Park is now Connie Mack Stadium). It is the oldest living major league field, but the ancient grandstand, with bleachers and pavilion and hanging roof boxes, has a capacity, jam-packed, of only 30,500 (in the 1931 season a mob of 45,770 allegedly sheehorned its way in to see the Cardinals play the Chicago Cubs, but those were depression days, and people may have been thinner). This painfully small crowd limit (only Cincinnati's Crosley Field, with a capacity of 30,273, is smaller) is the one reason why the Cardinals will be happy to move out. Sentimentally, they hate the idea.

Gussie Busch, head of the Anheuser-Busch brewery and president of the Cardinals, is distressed by the thought of Sportsman's—oops—Busch Stadium being torn down, and he is said to be trying to give it away. So far he has had about as much luck as a man trying to palm off a pregnant cat. The board of education does not want it—it already has the

big Public Schools Stadium, where the National AAU track and field championships were held a couple of weeks ago. The city does not want it—it would lose the tax revenue from the property and have to assume the maintenance costs. It is sad to contemplate, but almost certainly a housing project or an industrial plant will rise where Hornsby batted, Dean pitched, Sloughter scored from first on a single and Eddie Gaedel, the midget, came in to pinch-hit.

But then, Ebbets Field is gone, too, and Braves Field and Baker Bowl and Griffith Stadium. The Polo Grounds is very near the end. Forbes Field, Fenway Park, Crosley Field—all are too small or too decrepit or have too many posts or not enough parking space.

What the old ball parks do have to their credit is personality. Think of Ebbets Field's right field wall, the high green banner in left at Fenway, the too-short foul lines and too-long center field in the Polo Grounds, the jury-box bleachers in Braves Field, the outfield hill in Crosley Field. The new stadiums have none of these idiosyncrasies. They are all shining and pretty and perfectly proportioned, like the girls in the cigarette ads, and, like the girls in the cigarette ads, they all look exactly alike: 330 feet down the foul lines, 410 feet to center. In a few years a visiting player won't know what park he is in, unless he first stops to check the schedule. Everything will be neutral and fair and antiseptic. Maybe even boring.



CARDINAL OWNER GUSSIE BUSCH PONDERS PROBLEM OF GIVING AWAY OLD STADIUM

Stan Musial says no. He says that the new fields, generally larger than the ones they are replacing, are changing the game, and that inevitably the hit-and-run and the stolen base and the other implements of tight baseball will take over from all-out slugging. Musial says he thinks this will give the game better balance and make it more exciting, and that the player of the future will have to have all the baseball skills and not just raw power.

Just twist a dial

Perhaps so. Change that leads to a more exciting game is all to the good, and with the coverage that baseball gets from television and radio nowadays, the fan is more aware of such subtleties in play, more aware of the particular skills and potentialities of the individual players. Fiddle with a radio dial, especially at night, and you can pick up play-by-play broadcasts of games from all over. Bing Devine, general manager of the Cardinals, sits on the roof at Busch Stadium with his transistor and hunts up out-of-town games even as he watches his Cardinals play on the field down below. Bing gets Cub and White Sox games from Chicago, Athletic games from Kansas City, Cincinnati games via a Louisville station, Houston games from New Orleans. He can get Pittsburgh most nights and occasionally even picks up New York Met games on a Schenectady station. "You learn things about players that you wouldn't otherwise," Devine said last week. "How they react in certain situations, for example. You pick up a lot of information."

But if science giveth, it also taketh away. Like so many fans, Bing Devine likes the old-fashioned scoreboard that posts out-of-town games in line score, inning by inning. Sixteen big white zeroes strung two by two across a scoreboard to show a scoreless game after eight innings is infinitely more exciting than a cryptic "8 0-0" in lights. But the modern electric scoreboard in the new St. Louis stadium will use the short form and will not carry line scores. "They say they can't do it," Devine said ruefully. "It isn't feasible."

Progress is not to be sneered at, but, just for a moment there, nostalgia for things old and unfeasible—and maybe even decrepit—made the new stadium seem like a monster.

END



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THE FIRST ALUMINUM BOAT OF ITS SIZE, "OYNA," LIKE MANY OTHER WINNERS, SAILED OFF THE DRAWING BOARD OF OLIN STEPHENS

Only three knew where the wind blew

While the East Coast sweltered and a fleet of 85 boats searched in vain for a breeze, three others—"Jubilee," 'Challenge' and the yawl shown above—sailed a race from Annapolis to Newport in their very own weather

Most ocean races are arranged so that all of the boats, whether big or small, start off more or less at the same time. The result is that the big boats quickly sail past the little ones and head out into a race of their own. This is likely to make the affair two separate races, with the front runners enjoying—or suffering through—one kind of weather, while the rear guard sails through another.

In planning last week's biennial Annapolis-to-Newport race, the New York Yacht Club's Commodore H. Irving Pratt hoped to even up this imbalance by a new starting wrinkle. It was designed to spread the inequalities between the entries over both ends of the course and make weather and tide conditions more nearly the same for the whole fleet. To this end, he split the fleet up into seven groups according to their handicap and started each group separately over a period of seven hours.

For a while, the plan worked fine. The boats in the smallest class got under way at 10 a.m. in the lightest air, and each group followed in order until five in the afternoon when the class A group, including the scratch boat, Sally Langmuir's tirelessly campaigning *Bolero*, crossed the line. Next morning, after moving unevenly down 130-odd miles of Chesapeake Bay toward Chesapeake Lightship, the point where the course turns northward into the Atlantic, the whole fleet seemed to be inching together through a narrow gap in the bay tunnel project. Big, small and middle-sized boats with multihued spinnakers provided a parade of color as they ghosted through in clusters.

As one group approached the bottleneck, an ore carrier of 60,000 tons or more went through the gap, its horn belting dismally, as the harried pilot tried to avoid the swarm of shrimplike sailing yachts bent on holding their courses no matter what. A few miles further on, the whole fleet rounded the lightship within a span of five hours and 40 minutes—a mere moment for an ocean race.

Then—unfortunately for the Commodore's dream of an equalized race—the weather took charge. The great slack-sided high-pressure system that sat over the East Coast, keeping those on shore sweltering in the summer's first heat wave, sent the fleet searching for any breath of air its skippers could find along

the shores of Virginia, Maryland, Delaware and New Jersey. While most of the boats searched in vain, the three leaders, *Challenge*, *Dyna*, and *Jubilee*, picked up an 18-knot southwester that blew them so far ahead of the other boats that the race turned into two races after all. As it finally turned out, more than 35 hours passed between the time the first boat crossed the line and the time the race was officially declared over—with one boat still stuck in the calm.

George F. Johnson's month-old, black-hulled sloop *Challenge* was the first to finish, followed by Clayton Ew-

ings who kept them going somehow in the light airs. Steven Castle's *Seafarer* repeated her victory of two years ago in class B. *San Dancer*, owned by Clinton Loyd of Larchmont, took class C, and class D was won by the 1961 overall winner, E. Newhold Smith's *Remedee*. (*Dyna*, the big winner this year, was the best in class A two years ago.) Due to sail this week on the transatlantic race from Newport to Plymouth, *Dyna* was using the Annapolis race as a shakedown cruise for her crew. Before leaving Maryland, Skipper-Owner Ewing had seen to it that no weld in the big aluminum yawl



THE VICTORIOUS CREW of *Dyna*, Stephen Colgan, Stephen Van Dyck, Skipper Ewing and Carroll Smith wave greetings and grin from a berth in Newport harbor.

ing's big yawl *Dyna*, the scourge of Chesapeake Bay, the East Coast and the Great Lakes. Like *Challenge*, *Dyna* is made of aluminum, designed by Spirkman & Stephens and built by Wisconsin's Burger Boat Co., top builders in the aluminum field. Because she seemed to do the right thing at all the right times and went where there was the most wind, *Dyna* wound up overall winner of the race by a healthy margin on corrected time, beating *Challenge*, *Jubilee* and 85 other boats.

Aside from the big three, which found the wind, the other class winners were boats with perhaps even more heroic

was left unexamined, no toggle unmag-naluxed for the big race. The unassuming Ewing, who wins more races than most (he has two Mackinac wins, a first and third in class for the last two Bermuda races plus his first in class A in the 1961 Annapolis-to-Newport race) but gets less publicity, took his win calmly as he got set for the transatlantic start. "We didn't blow out any sails on the race up here and didn't bust any gear. All we have to do is get the provisions aboard and we're ready to go," said the man who thinks nothing at all of a mere four-day layover between one ocean race and another.

END

Del Miller's magic carpet

The world's first synthetic racetrack has won quick approval from most trotting horsemen, who feel that it will eliminate the problems caused by mud and frost



MILLER (RIGHT) SHOWS THE TARTAN STRIP THAT COVERS HIS TRACK TO DRIVERS BILLY HAUGHTON (LEFT) AND STANLEY DANCER

A pretty little harness racing track called The Meadows opened last week in western Pennsylvania, and in that small beginning is the promise of great, beneficial changes in horse racing everywhere. The track is the first in the world to be surfaced not with earth or sand or turf but with a hoof-pampering synthetic carpet. Horsemen praised it lavishly, and visiting track operators expressed lively interest. The president of a rich New York roadway declared on the spot, "If it is as good as it looks, I want it."

He wants The Meadows' magic carpet because:

- 1) It is impervious to rain and frost and thus removes most of the misery and danger to horse and driver from bad-weather racing.
- 2) It reduces the risk of horses going lame, in any weather.
- 3) It should slash the very high cost

of track maintenance to a paltry few thousand dollars a year.

4) With off tracks eliminated, bettors could anticipate truer form and in the long run might increase their wagers.

5) Del Miller, president of The Meadows, was the man who chose to install it. Trainer, driver and breeder extraordinary, Miller is harness racing's outstanding individual. When Miller acts, harness people pay strict and respectful attention.

The synthetic's substantial price—the 5.8-mile, 80-foot-wide Pennsylvania strip cost \$750,000—will keep it from sweeping the country overnight. All interested tracks will first study the full 50-night meeting at The Meadows to be certain that the surface is indeed all that it appears to be. The larger tracks, those most able to afford it, and smaller ones that spend heavily to cope with rain and freeze-ups, should be the next customers.

The harness tracks will be first. Major Thoroughbred officials will have to be convinced that the surface is acceptable to trainers, jockeys and horse owners. Executives of the flat tracks will particularly study a series of Thoroughbred exhibition races to be run this summer at The Meadows. Combination tracks, where harness and flat racing alternate (e.g., Chicago's Washington Park, California's Santa Anita Park), must determine whether one synthetic strip suits both trotters and running horses.

Apart from these understandable reservations, the most serious question raised about the surface is that it would eliminate a traditional "sporting" quality of dirt-track racing. Good horses, the argument goes, should race under varying conditions. Funs who have come out to cheer a favorite only to find him scratched because of muddy footing may be inclined to snicker at this reasoning.

Harness reinsmen and jockeys who are mud-splattered on wet tracks and drenched with clods of dirt on dry ones, and who must risk serious injury when the footing is tricky, will laugh out loud.

What the 7,461 opening night spectators at The Meadows saw, first of all, was a tan racing surface that looked very much like an ordinary dirt track—except for lighter patches here and there that will soon be sunburned to the basic color. There had been a drenching midday rain. Horsemen agreed that a typical dirt-and-sand racing surface would have been slimy and treacherous that evening. The synthetic surface, however, was safe and spectacularly fast; all but two of the nine race winners trotted or paced the fastest mile of their careers.

The racegoers acted exactly like racegoers everywhere. They were oblivious to the track surface during each dash; they jiggled and yelled and watched the action. Inexperienced as many of them were in the matter of pari-mutuel betting, which was being introduced in the Pittsburgh area for the first time, they wagered the reasonably healthy sum of \$181,134. If the people liked The Meadows, the horsemen loved it. "I just wish," said George Shofy, the superb young driver, "that I could gather up this surface and take it with me wherever I race."

What is this revolutionary stuff? Where did it come from?

It was once merely the dream of a Thoroughbred trainer, Johnny Nerud, the saddler of the 1957 Belmont winner, Gallant Fox. Nerud was appalled by the number of breakdowns among 2-year-old horses on existing tracks, which he estimated at 30% of each year's expensive crop. He badgered William L. McKnight, board chairman of the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company and owner of the Tartan Stable, which Nerud trains, to find something better. McKnight badgered his research staff. The solution eluded his brightest Ph.D.s. But a half-educated ex-farmboy working in the 3M labs brewed the soup that worked. "Ted Buchholz," says one of his associates, "is not a chemist. He is just a good cook." Buchholz' liquid mixture, the ingredients of which are a company secret, jelled in a few minutes, becoming both tough and resilient; 3M named it Tartan.

Three years ago Nerud laid a walking ring of the stuff outside his barn at New York's Belmont Park. Horses could not

seem to wear it out. Nor could cars wear out a Tartan parking-lot strip at 3M offices in St. Paul. Nor could spike-shod batters damage the Tartan on-deck circles at the Twins' baseball park.

When Del Miller heard about it he thought it would be perfect for a trotting track. He headed a group of Washington County, Pa. businessmen who were to back The Meadows. Miller wanted a practical test of the synthetic. Last July, 3M poured a 20-foot-wide strip on the private half-mile training track of Horseman Max Hempt at Mechanicsburg, Pa. Leading drivers worked trotters on it and agreed with Miller that it was practical.

Hempt, an amateur driver, and Trainer Marvin Parshall exercised 15 racehorses on the strip all winter long. "It was the coldest winter I can remember," Hempt says, "but we only lost one day of training, and that was because it was too cold for the men, not the horses. There was no frost heave in the track. When it iced up we just scraped the ice away and kept training."

Hempt and Miller agreed, however, that the trial strip was a tough too hard. So 3M brewed a batch of Tartan with 25% more resiliency for The Meadows. Buchholz describes Tartan as a "synthetic resin" of great durability, which has resilience but, significantly, does not have the instantaneous rebound, or "light-back," as he puts it, of rubberlike products. "There is a delayed reaction when a horse's hoof strikes it," he says. "This means that it does not immediately spring back and throw the horse off stride. Best of all, a horse doesn't bottom on it. It forms a uniform cushion all the way around."

This hot touch

The surface at The Meadows was laid in 10-foot-wide strips over two inches of asphalt resting upon a foot-deep base of crushed rock. The Tartan is an inch deep on the inner 20 feet, where racing wear and tear are greatest, diminishing to half an inch on the outer 20. Small granules of Tartan are worked into the top surface as additional shock absorbers. Buchholz foresees the need of only an occasional light, inexpensive spray coating of Tartan on the inside 20 feet in years to come.

"If I had built a dirt track," says Miller, "I would have needed \$100,000 worth of maintenance equipment. All I've had to buy is one little \$8,000 sweeper to

clean up the manure dropped by the horses. The biggest saving of all is in the horses themselves. Mud pulls horses apart. They float over this stuff. Some people say they have wet-weather tracks. What that means is they scrape off what little cushion there is when it rains and let the horses go on a track as hard as pavement."

On opening night observers saw unusual proof of the track's merits. At the start of the second race, for greenish paces, the pole horse went into a violent break and fell, jerking one leg completely out of her hobbles. There might have been a massive multi-horse accident. But Julie, the 3-year-old filly who fell, simply picked herself up and jogged back to the paddock, and all the other horses stayed smoothly on gait. On a dirt track Julie would have been badly skinned and bruised.

"She just got scared and broke when all those horses came pounding in on her," said Driver Denny Moore. "She'd never had the rail before. I doubt whether she would have been able to get up off a dirt track. Thanks to this one, she's all right. Nothing's hurt but my feelings."

Walter Gibbons, general manager of the Lexington, Ky. trotting track, probably spoke for the majority of low-budget track operators when he said: "If I could afford it, I would put it in."

Martin Tannenbaum, president of New York's Yonkers Raceway, that thriving betting palace which, together with rival Roosevelt Raceway, accounts for nearly half the nation's harness racing pari-mutuel handle, was talking like a man who had already decided to get out his checkbook: "It costs us \$200,000 a year to keep our half-mile track in shape. This thing could pay for itself in a few years. There is no question in my mind that the people who can afford it are going to buy it."

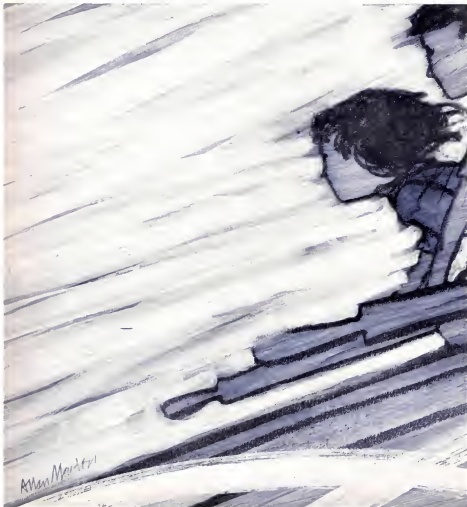
Meanwhile 3M is talking up Tartan for a dizzying array of other uses, including football fields. There is already an experimental 110-yard sprinter's track at California's San Jose State College, and Track Coach Bud Winter is delighted with its uniformity and springiness. Followers of track are aware, of course, that Bob Hayes achieved his 100-yard world record of 9.1 seconds the other day on a rubberized strip at St. Louis.

Dirt and cinders, it seems, have never had it so bad.

END

MULEY'S ENCHANTED

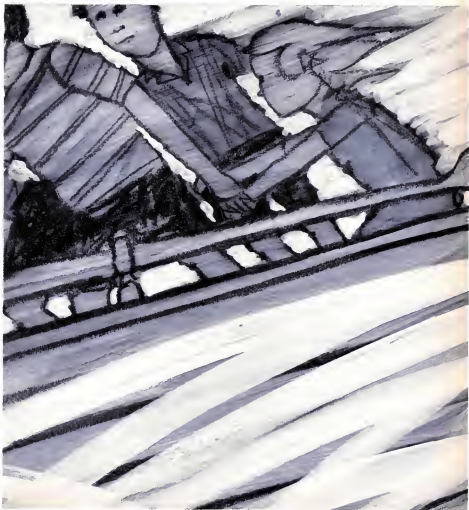
Thrilled and scared, Muley, John, Frank, and Jeanne raced the rip tide through Sabine Channel.



Allen Martin

SUMMER

Nostalgia glorifies the vacation days of our childhood, but surely none were ever more delightful than those spent on Jervis Island, as remembered by DOLLY CONNELLY



In the wondrous '20s a pair of small, sleek steamers, the S.S. *Yale* and *Harvard*, plied the waters of the Pacific from Los Angeles Harbor to Victoria, B.C., Canada. The *Yale* and *Harvard* left a strong impression on the people of the West Coast. There are some so filled with nostalgia for the old coastwise passenger ships, their college-boy orchestras and leisurely runs, that they would chuck all the jets for one last week-long sea journey off the brown hills of California and the greening coast of the Northwest.

We—John, Frank, Jeanne and I—were different. We left strong impressions on the *Yale*. In fact, we kept the dining salon empty and our fellow passengers in a continual state of *mal de mer* in the calmest sea on our annual return journey from Jervis Island in the late summer. We brought with us our collections of sea shells, gathered from the beaches of Jervis in rusting coffee cans and spread lovingly out on the dining table while we waited for service. There was nothing really wrong with our collections, except that we failed to remove the temporal inhabitants from within their shells.

Thus, when we wrenched off the lids of our coffee tins, the odor of putrefied mollusks so permeated the salon that adult diners turned pale and reeled brokenly for the doors. Our parents, completely ignorant of the havoc we were wreaking, awaited the second sitting and a peaceful meal without us.

This artless joy in things of nature, in combination with a mild sadism directed against constituted authority, was the keynote of our childhood. Now, practically everybody has hilarious memories of his prepubescent years, but few have enjoyed the peculiar childhood circumstances of John, Frank, Jeanne and me. In the first place, we were brought up in what was then so wild and free an expanse of southern California that we thought the whole world was ours, —a healthy attitude. Also, as the second and final foursome of our parents' brood of eight children, we came along at a time when they were so mellowed by experience that nothing —absolutely nothing—could take them by surprise. They had learned something that most parents never learn: you can't win when four lean, lithe, imaginative children join forces against you.

The archfiend, John, is gone, struck down with the shine of youth still on him. The last time I saw him, John stood in the middle of Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood and called out to me, as I passed in a car, a sad cry for all the long-lost joys. "Mule-y!" he bellowed. "Maud the Mule!" —a family name I won through a marked resemblance to the companion of Happy Hooligan, the little man in the comic strip who wore a soup can for a hat. It is typical of the family's blithe individuality that, actually, I have no official name. By the time I came along—the seventh child—our parents had run out of people to honor. The fine glow of choosing the euphonious combination had grown dim. I was called—to indicate my temporary newness—Dolly, and as our country births went unregistered, nobody ever got

around to doing anything further about it. I came when called, didn't I? So our rank was formed of John, Frank, Muley and Jeanne.

When we were all in the magic age—say on the downside of 13—our untrammelled lives suddenly expanded all the way from the baked mustard fields and watermelon patches of San Gabriel in California to the cool beauty of an island off the mainland of British Columbia. Father—an easy mark for anybody who smelled of campfires—purchased an island in the Sabine Channel of the Strait of Georgia from a French-Canadian cozeener named Paul Lambert, who wandered into his office one day with a lot of fuzzy snapshots of salmon and a persuasive way of incarnating a kind of life for which Father's very soul yearned. Paul Lambert could not have picked a better victim. Father always saw himself not as a member of the gray-flannel-suit clan but as a kind of natural superranger in tune with the wilds, an innate fisherman, hunter, mountaineer, woodsman, who would have been right at home at Walden Pond except for the slight handicap of a wife and eight children. Lambert was thought transference in the flesh.

Paul Lambert went through life with a lush, moist-lipped leer for the ladies, his shirt unbuttoned over his curly-haired, convex chest down to the navel, long eyelashes and a strong *may Dieu* accent. Black, curly hair grew in little tendrils on his neck, too. He wore round knit caps on the back of his head, with shiny curls fanned up against the red wool all around, and high boots that laced practically to the crotch—altogether a fine figure of a man.

Father spoke of him enthusiastically as "one of Nature's Noblemen," a title that set my mother against Lambert, sight unseen. Being a Nature's Nobleman in our family meant that you needed a bath and ate with a knife but Father appreciated the real you anyway. Father was tremendously impressed with *le voyageur et ses folies* and bought Jervis Island from him for approximately twenty times what it was worth. He then hired Lambert, the self-styled pioneer, to build a family lodge, a dock and assorted buildings on the island.

Shortly thereafter most of the family traveled en masse on the *Yale* to Victoria, and thence by various means— island railway, fish boat—to Jervis Island. We little ones took one look at Lambert, waiting on the dock all gussied up like William S. Hart, and knew him for a phony. We called him "P. Lambo," ridiculing his pronunciation of his name (Pool Lom-bare) even to his face—a circumstance that sent him into towering Gallic rages. Mother shared our general opinion, reached not so much by instinct as from listening to Father laud the virtues of P. Lambo. Mother had long since learned that when Father was really nuts about somebody, he was being bad.

I remember Jervis as an island approximately the size and shape of Australia. Actually, it is only a very nice little channel island measuring maybe two miles by one, neatly wooded, with small sandy coves and big gray rocks and

a permanent population of huffy crows. There is an Indian burial ground, too, in which we were not allowed to dig.

Summers were spent on Jervis in various ways, according to age and inclination. Our mobile older sister, Miriam, irked because our parents would not leave her at home alone with all her boy friends and their Stutz Bearcats, sat and glowered over her ukulele, singing *The Sheik of Araby* in an abused, husky-throated voice and refusing to come out of the lodge into God's Great Out of Doors. Miriam surged into adolescence like a rogue elephant into musth, and with much the same temperament. Miriam had a quality as irresistible to males as the whisking of a flag is to a bull. In my high school days, later, this was known as It. I do not know what they call it anymore, but certain women in history have had notable overdoses of it.

The only reason Miriam is today celebrated in nothing more important than family legend is just that she did not have the right audience upon which to exercise her extraordinary appeal. She was a desert rose. Mother saw to that. The trouble with Jervis Island for her was that there was upon it absolutely nothing of which to be the belle. She had a wonderful time coming and going, however, reducing the college-boy orchestra of the Yale to a poleaxed zombie state. They even got up early in the morning to contend for the privilege of carrying around her ukulele. Twenty years later, by the purest chance, I ran across the ex-alto saxophonist in San Francisco. With that stoned look Miriam's admirers retain indefinitely, he reveled in the memory of the sulky, simmering, 17-year-old queen, tall and long-limbed, with a great mop of curling auburn hair and huge brown eyes. Prodded a little, he could still describe her dance costume—a tight, knee-length white silk dress, hand-painted with pink roses, with a little twitch of fringe undulating just at the caps of her knees and a wide sash wrapped snugly around the hips. He remembered the big black beauty mark pasted smack in the center of the round rouged area of one plump cheek and the tiny, perfect, pink cupid's bow drawn dead-center of her big, beautiful mouth.

He remembered the rest of us children as "an awful rabble of little brats," putting his finger squarely on the very thing that made Jervis Island summers perfect horrors for Miriam. There was a wide span of years between her and the group of three older than she, and a wide span between her and The Little Girls and The Little Boys. She was stuck in a kind of family limbo, fighting violently to avoid classification downward with us little ones. Jervis was a cutting demotion in rank for a girl who wore garter belts with little roses on them and danced a hot Charleston.

The lodge was an amazing building, even for the claptrap architecture of upper Georgia Straits. If Father had not been stuck as champion of P. Lambo, he would have raised holy Ned over it. P. Lambo never had attempted anything useful in his whole life prior to the building of this sum-

mer home, and the lodge showed this fundamental lack in his background. Floors tilted. Windows and doors would not close. Nothing ever was finished; everything leaked or fell down when leaned upon. Thus P. Lambo had to spend a good deal of his time propping things up before Father observed their collapse. One of his troubles was his lumber. He had been ordered to purchase lumber from the mills at Chemung, far down Vancouver Island, but something in his French soul balked at this wild waste of funds. So he pieced out his building materials by salvaging warped bits and pieces from the uninhabited island beaches of Georgia Strait and tried to outwit the shortcomings of this flotsam with a vast, energetic pounding of nails. Upstairs, where we little ones slept, some of the lumber smelled musty or bore barnacles, and at least one board was cleaved with an unmistakable quarter-moon. You could count stars, on a dark night, through arcs in the roof. When it rained there was all hell to pay, everybody running around like crazy trying to find dry spots for the bedding.

Father spent most of his time cleaning up the beaches around the island. He waged daily warfare with the Pacific Ocean, raking up, drying and burning great masses of seaweed and debris in swirls of pungent smoke, only to find more of the same spread all over each beach on the following tide. Mother waged daily warfare with P. Lambo—all done in a ladylike manner without a word and without a glance in Lambo's direction. I think the exposed navel made her nervous.

We little ones loved it—not the navel, but the island. As Jervis was far off the steamer lanes out of Vancouver and we had no way of keeping fresh foods, there was constant need to hunt and fish. We threw ourselves into the providing of the larder with ardor and absolutely no skill. Our hunting trips (for goats gone wild) on huge Texada Island to the north blur in memory into a kind of red haze. P. Lambo, unencumbered, walked so fast, rising at each step into a little bounce on his toes, that he left John, Frank, Joanne and me panting and suffering, far in his wake. We were brought along not to shoot goats, but rather as walking ditty bugs. We carried P. Lambo's gun and ammunition and spotting scope and smelly meat sacks going up, and we carried chunks of goat meat in the smelly meat sacks coming down. I do remember, though, that we little ones got rousing doses of intestinal worms from eating the meat and had to be purged miserably with special medicine sent up posthaste via populated Lasqueti Island.

The fishing was something else. We soon discovered that salmon are hard to catch. P. Lambo, at the tiller of a one-lunged fish boat hopefully called the *Atahoy*, bellowed orders in French at the four of us, trolling desperately and futilely from the stern in a tangle of gear. When it became apparent that we children never caught anything but each other, we were demoted to fishing off the float in the bay for rock cod and red snappers. Father declared a part-time truce with the messy old Pacific and took over the troll,

continued

with at least a little more success. We liked the float. In no time at all we learned that chummed water filled as quick as a wink with a modest but nasty-looking, flat-mouthed, toothy variety of shark called dogfish.

These demented creatures would bite on anything—hardened lumps of breakfast mush, bright ribbons, bacon rind, herring heads, chunks of our bathing suits. We did not like to catch them solely because they would bite at anything; we had discovered that females in the proper condition contained viable young. So all summer we performed countless Caesarean sections on *enclave* lady dogfish, placed their ugly, wriggling young in buckets of salt water and observed the outcome. In three days at the most, all the little sharks floated belly up in the hot sun, but there were always more pregnant dogfish. One morning we woke up to discover the whole bay between Jervis cove and John Island (named for John), usually as still and black as a magic mirror in the day's first light, aswirl with dorsal fins sailing around and around and around in small, tight circles. I still do not know for sure what they were doing, but I can guess. The sharks were out beyond the float, so we launched the rowboat and trolled through frenzied nose-to-tail ring-around-the-rosy after frenzied nose-to-tail ring-around-the-rosy. Soon the laden boat sank so low in the water that her freeboard disappeared. By the time we reached shore, her stern had settled under water and we all were standing up in it, our long, skinny, brown, bug-bitten legs buried in sharks, sharks, sharks. We were in seventh heaven.

Later we found another game. At tidal flow, all this great inland sea in the northwest corner—Puget Sound and the Strait of Georgia—moves with the speed of a millrace. This is true especially of Sabine Channel, the body of water between Jervis and Lasqueti islands. A rowboat caught at the height of the great river of tidal flow zipped along as if pulled by a giant hand. The idea was to ride north on the tide, thrilled and scared pea-soup green, and then hook a ride back into rowing vicinity of Jervis Island with tug-and-log boom. Texada Island was being logged at that time—still is. Booms departed the island at fairly frequent intervals, heading down Malaspina Strait at the backside of Jervis for miles along the mainland.

You tied the painter not to the tug, which was manned by very rough people, but to the logs, and climbed up on the boom to survey the passing sights. With any luck at all, you were spotted by the crew of the tug, who came out on deck and waved their arms back and forth shouting, "Get offen there, you little bastards!" Safe at the other end of a 200-yard towline, we lazed on the logs, deaf to shouts and threats, at once defiant of adult authority and cozily en route home—ward.

I cannot remember what happened to our shell collections, but I still do have one memento of Jervis Island—a pair of doll-sized beaded moccasins with a little stamp,

"Made in Japan," on the soles, supposedly whipped up especially for me by a Haida Indian princess. The moccasins are just about as genuine as the character of P. Lambo, who gave them to me for participating in one of his nefarious schemes. Whatever he might be doing, P. Lambo always looked out for Number One, slickering everything to which he put his hand. He got a salary kickback from the cook, a commission on groceries brought over from the country store at Tucker Bay and a cut on the *Atahoy's* gasoline. Thus when Father caught the huge chinook salmon of Sabine Channel, P. Lambo's French soul writhed at his inability to figure some way to take his cut from the sea. Finally he hit on a splendid scheme, worked out with a collection of Mason jars that had carried certain of our provisions to Jervis Island.

P. Lambo cleaned Father's catch on a stump of a tree set up for that purpose near the beach, delivering neat stacks of steaks and slices to Gertrude the cook. In the interim from *Atahoy* to cookhouse door, the salmon shrank alarmingly, a 36-pounder shriveling down through Lambo's machinations until it just barely went around the table. Mother was very suspicious of this fish shrinkage, but as she had put Father strongly on the defensive about P. Lambo, Nature's Nobleman, Father had to go into explanations about the wastage of head, fins and tail. Actually, he was forced to disparage the size of his own catch, which must have been exquisite torture for him, or agree with Mother—an impossible concession—that there was something very fishy about P. Lambo. Besides, as P. Lambo well knew, Mother would never venture as far from the lodge as the butchering block to check upon him, for fear of encountering grizzly bears—or wild Indians, at the very least. P. Lambo gently encouraged her fear of the island's "wilderness" with bloody tales of neighboring islanders who were found disemboweled by wild animals lurking just beyond the settlers' clearings. He had some dandy scars which he claimed were proof of a "bear mauling," but which were self-inflicted accidentally while chopping wood in a highly inebriated state—the real reason for most bear-mauling scars in those parts.

The shriveled chinook left the best part of their firm, fat, red meat in the canning jars, which P. Lambo then set to boiling in a bucket of salt water over a driftwood fire on a beach remote from our settlement. Now, as anybody knows who puts things up in jars, you have to keep the water around them boiling and boiling for hours, especially with fish and meat, lest the subsequent eater of the canned fish and meat die gasping from the toxins of botulism. P. Lambo, whose services were pretty well taken up with running the *Atahoy* while Father trolled, was in a fine sweaty dilemma. He could steal fish only if he had a conspirator who would tend his fires faithfully in his absence. And that, of course, was I. When I was a kid I had

continued

A black beauty mark pasted smack in the center of one plump cheek, Miriam played the ukulele and huskily sang The Sheik of Araby.



just the right kind of face for this variety of trust—sincere but sneaky. P. Lambo swore me to secrecy in a blood ceremony that made us sisters, or brothers, under the skin. He smeared each of our right arms with fish gore, mumbled a phony incantation, called upon the ghosts of the Indians in the burial grounds to keep an eye on me and handed me the ax.

I was thrilled speechless and more than a little scared—scared enough to get a great blazing fire going under the bucket until the *Atahoy* chugged off into the distance, scared enough to go racing to the hidden beach and get the fire going again when I heard the *Atahoy* chugging back. In the interim I played, the fire went out and the jars cooled down. On his return P. Lambo sneaked through the woods to the beach and found me loyally tending fire and the water in the bucket at a nice round boil. He dug holes in the sand well above the high-tide line and buried the jars of salmon there, ready to be dug up in the long, cold winter when food was scarce. P. Lambo died at a ripe old age, nicely in his bed, of the general debilitations of advanced years. Either all that stuff about botulism is a fake, designed to discourage home canning, or the jars still are hidden deep in the gravelly sands of Jervis Island. If you are curious enough to go dig, I'll draw you a map.

Jervis Island still is there, though it has shrunk considerably. I went up to see it not long ago and to climb again to the long crest of the gray rocks. There is hardly a trace of the buildings, believed liberated, piece by piece, by P. Lambo during the era when he was employed on the vacated island as caretaker. The cookhouse and dining hall down by the water's edge have been enfolded in the clutch of blackberry vines. The forest has crept back in. I could not find the well or the outhouse. The wooden walk uphill to the lodge site has long since collapsed. The ghosts of P. Lambo and Gertrude the cook and the skinny, brown children in faded bob overalls have joined the Indians. The family stopped going up the summer Miriam discovered something worthy of her attention in God's Great Out of Doors, after all. At the end of that last, long-gone summer she was a belle again.

The natives invited us, lock, stock and barrel, to a dance in our honor at the schoolhouse—still decorated for Christmas—on Lasqueth Island. Now, as entertainment of this sophisticated variety is kind of uncommon in those parts, it meant that everyone came from near island and far, tug crews and woods crews, foresters and sheep ranchers, Indians and trappers, fishermen and farmers. There was a huge crowd at hand, smelling a little of damp wool, sweat and hard cider, when we arrived after a grumpy trip in the *Atahoy*, some sitting on others' laps and kicking each other in the shins. Miriam was induced to attend on the ground that it would be an insult to these good people if she refused. Naturally, attention was riveted on all of us Californians who came to summer among them. That is,

it was riveted on all of us as we made our way uphill from the boat landing until Miriam strode gracefully forward with just a little twitch of the fringe at her pink silk kneecaps, her cupid's-bow mouth wet, her ukulele under her arm, the Spanish shawl off the piano draped over one bare shoulder.

Now, life in the wilds of the Pacific Northwest is good for men. They seem to weather well, in their black-and-red-plaid jackets and tough wool shirts, growing malar and malar as the years go by. On them, woods life looks good; on women, not so good. They grow malar and malar, too, with a kind of reverse effect. Also, when invited to an entertainment, woody women do not make any concession to the event in dress. They come as is—a circumstance that gave Miriam an advantage of which most teen-age girls can just dream. Men, men, men, all big and handsome, and no more competition than would have been posed by a collection of old-clothes bundles.

In minutes, every large, steaming man was standing in line for the privilege of dancing a few steps with Miriam, while their drab women stood at the side, their eyes coldly hostile and bitter with dead dreams, mutely folding their heavy arms over their droopy bosoms. That bright girl flashed from arms to arms throughout the night, while children slept in the cloakroom and women tried to busy themselves putting coats over and taking coats off their sleeping little ones. Miriam was a sensation, a full-blown sensation.

At dawn we sailed for Jervis in a flotilla. No man among them would allow another to take Miriam home. Thereafter our lonely little cove was filled with the beats of males who "just stopped by because I'm on my way to Vancouver [or Nanaimo, Pender Harbor, Powell River, Qualicum Bay, False Bay, Nanose Harbor, Jedediah Island, Sechart Inlet, etc.] and thought you folks might need somethin'." Miriam moved her ukulele to the railing of the porch of the lodge, sunning in a daring one-piece Annette Kellerman bathing suit. Mother counted the days until she got Miriam back to the comparative safety of the downy college boys on the Yale.

Our generous enrichment of the lives of the stolid natives is still remembered. Not long ago I interviewed a pioneer Lasqueth Islander on the story of his life. Thinking back over 85 years he came up with a plum: the tale of a "rich" California family that "came to buy a heap of rock out in the channel there, called Jervis Island, and used to come up every summer and live like kings in a fancy lodge. There was this girl, I don't reckon her name, but she had red-like hair and played tunes on a little box she had, with strings across it like a banjo." His red-rimmed, rheumy old eyes lighted up. "I danced with her once," he recalled. You could see his tired blood warm up and slosh around in his ancient arteries. END



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

THE PLAYER He has fast feet, long fingers, wears glasses and has thoughts of someday being a bookkeeper. But right now Julian Javier is the second baseman for St. Louis. It might be that he is a trifle embarrassed because he is the only infield regular on the club not named to the All-Star Team. First Baseman Bill White (.423 average last week), Third Baseman Ken Boyer (.476) and Shortstop Dick Groat (.333) all made the squad. None of them could match Javier's recent performance, however. Forsaking costly habits of going after first pitches and bad balls, Javier hit and scored in 11 straight games. During that stretch he batted .439. Javier developed his speed, which makes him the widest-ranging second baseman in the league, by running to and from school in his native Dominican Republic. Of his fingers, which resemble those of a concert pianist, Javier merely says, "They help me in typing." They also help him around second base, where he is a virtuoso on his own right.



JULIAN JAVIER

THE TEAM There are few stronger tones than victory, and no one knows this better than Walter Alston. Two months ago the Dodgers were reportedly wracked by dissension, disorganization, discontent. The cure, some said, would come only when Alston was fired as manager, a move daily imminent. Alston, however, remains employed, and his once sickly and seventh-place Dodgers have had the healthiest record (32 victories, 20 losses, .615) in either league for the past two months. The Dodgers who wilted in April bloomed in May and June, cutting their errors by almost 25% while increasing their double plays at a similar rate. And, like General Motors stock, the team batting average went up, up, up. Last week the Dodgers continued their progress, climbing from fourth place to second by winning five games, three by one run. In four of the games Jim Gilliam drove in the winning run, once with a homer against the Cardinals, followed on successive days by doubles that stalled the Reds' surge. Finally, against the Braves, Gilliam homered and then, in the 11th inning, beat out a bunt single that pushed a run across. No one has said a word lately about Walter Alston losing his job.

THE PLAYER Like the boy on the burning deck, Bob Johnson stood as a solace to his captain, Orioles Manager Billy Hitchcock. Hitchcock's ship was sinking: his players were criticizing him, the team's dissolute 1962 attitude had returned, his job was threatened. In the midst of it all, Infielder Johnson—who is not advertised in Baltimore's so-called \$6 million infield—came off the bench and hit .476. In one stretch he rattled off eight hits in a row to help raise his average to .315. Through always a good latter, Johnson has gained greater fame as the best hotfoot man in the big leagues. He once crawled under a dupont bench on his belly to put matches to foot, and one year, says Johnson, "everyone took off his shoes the minute I got in the clubhouse." Temporarily retired from hotfoots, Johnson thought only about hitting during his streak. Poor Orioles. Three days later a pitched ball smacked Johnson on the ribs and Billy Hitchcock had to put his only .300 hitter on the bench.



BOB JOHNSON

THE TEAM The fact that Minnesota hit .291 for the week and had five regulars batting over .300 was purely incidental. "Home runs," moaned Detroit Manager Charley Doren in summation, "they kill you. Allison hits two. Batthey hits another. They break your back." The Twins kept right on slugging opponents to death. They hit 10 homers last week, and a third of the lineup was fighting for the league home run lead. In the last six weeks Bob Allison has hit a mere 11 singles but exactly twice as many extra-base hits. As for Harmon Killebrew, since the Twins surged up again on June 18 he has had 21 hits (.412 BA), and 12 of them were for extra bases—a slugging average of .922. The cleanup hitter in this menagerie of monsters, however, was rookie Jimmy Hall (.318). He also found time to play a beautiful center field. In fact, the booming Bloomingtoners were getting help from everywhere. Bill Pleas had pitched only 21 innings, he got a starting chance and went the distance to win. Lee Stange, back from the minors, won his second straight with a shutout. The Twins could not miss. In a one-punch fight with Detroit's Phil Regan, Vic Power got the punch in. Nearly everybody hits on the Twins.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

THE WEEK	W	L	BA	RA	OPP	HR	ERRS	ERA
LOS ANGELES	6	1	.334	.244	5	3	3	2.57
MILWAUKEE	4	2	.296	.215	8	6	7	2.99
ST. LOUIS	4	2	.278	.213	6	5	6	3.17
NEW YORK	3	3	.279	.201	5	3	2	2.17
PHILADELPHIA	3	3	.266	.213	4	4	7	3.27
PITTSBURGH	3	3	.262	.203	3	5	6	3.02
CHICAGO	2	2	.330	.242	4	4	2	3.35
CINCINNATI	2	4	.276	.222	6	6	6	3.34
SAN FRANCISCO	2	4	.255	.246	6	7	8	4.64
HOUSTON	1	6	.208	.218	1	7	8	3.88

THE SEASON*

SEASON*		SB	HITS PER INS.	1962	1963	DIFF.	
ST. LOUIS	Flood	10	Boogies	6.17	42	37	+5
LOS ANGELES	Wills	18	Routen	5.97	48	28	+20
SAN FRANCISCO	Pagan	6	Marshall	7.23	49	27	+22
CINCINNATI	Robison	21	Holmes	7.01	46	25	+21
CHICAGO	Block	27	Epworth	6.18	27	47	-20
MILWAUKEE	B. Allen	12	Leonard	8.56	38	37	+1
PITTSBURGH	Clement	7	McLean	6.50	43	31	+12
PHILADELPHIA	Yarker	5	Culp	5.68	34	41	-7
NEW YORK	Rand	4	White	6.75	21	29	-8
HOUSTON	Temple	4	Farrar	5.01	32	48	-16

AMERICAN LEAGUE

THE WEEK	W	L	BA	RA	OPP	HR	ERRS	ERA
MINNESOTA	6	1	.291	.237	10	8	6	2.71
BUFFALO	5	3	.236	.245	7	10	9	2.99
LOS ANGELES	5	3	.299	.231	7	8	9	3.06
BALTIMORE	4	3	.288	.224	6	2	3	2.73
CHICAGO	4	4	.218	.212	5	4	5	2.26
NEW YORK	3	4	.253	.221	5	2	4	2.89
CLEVELAND	4	5	.257	.243	7	7	8	3.48
KANSAS CITY	2	4	.255	.209	3	6	4	3.81
WASHINGTON	2	4	.244	.244	8	8	10	3.02
DETROIT	2	6	.240	.289	9	12	8	5.50

	SB	HITS PER INS.	1962	1963	DIFF.
NEW YORK	Reichenow 4	Reitz 6.46	15	31	+16
CHICAGO	Levins 7	Peeters 6.17	12	38	+26
MINNESOTA	Green 9	Parcell 7.30	42	32	+10
BOSTON	Yuzwenko 3	Rosale 5.34	33	38	-5
CLEVELAND	Howser 8	Kutach 7.71	41	21	+20
BALTIMORE	Armstrong 20	Roberts 6.88	28	39	-11
LOS ANGELES	Parsons 5	Stancu 7.36	45	41	+4
KANSAS CITY	Charles 8	Kubek 8.28	37	49	-12
DETROIT	Wood 15	Reagan 7.63	37	36	+1
WASHINGTON	Holton 15	Olney 8.52	28	52	-24

*through Saturday June 29



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

PENNANTTIS

Sirs:

It appears to me that William Leggett, author of *Bill Dwyer, Wasn't You Please Come In* (July 1), is suffering from an acute attack of the disease, common to non-Yankee fans, known as first-place jealousy. Symptoms of the disease include illusions that the patient's favorite team has suffered more serious injuries than the Yankees, downgrading everything connected with the Yankees and straying from the major point of conversation (in this case the subject of his article, Bill Dwyer).

The patient may even resort to propaganda, telling about the greatness but modesty of his favorite team. However, have no fear. The disease always cures itself at about the middle or end of September, just after the Yankees have won still another pennant—at least it has done so for 12 out of the last 14 years.

PAUL SANDERS

Jericho, N.Y.

LOSING FACE

Sirs:

I've been reading *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for quite awhile, and I must admit that I've been pretty pleased with the fine layout of the magazine, so you can imagine my shock when I took a look at the cover of the June 24 issue and saw all the mistakes. Like for instance, you caption the picture "Baseball's Best Reliever," but then you spell his name all wrong. See, baseball's best reliever spells his name D-I-C-K R-A-D-A-T-Z, not R-O-Y F-A-C-E. And you got the picture all messed up, too. See, Radatz plays for the Red Sox, not the Pirates. You probably thought the Red Sox traded Radatz for Stuart, but it was Schwall, not Radatz. He's still with us, No. 17, not 26.

Well, I figured you must have made all the mistakes possible, but, boy! when I started reading the cover story I saw how wrong I was. What a poor selection of facts to cite! If you're doing an article on baseball's best relief pitcher, do it right. Like you forgot the time, just three weeks ago, when Radatz pitched six shutout innings against the Orioles, striking out 10, and then, two days later, 8½ shutout innings against the Tigers, whiffing 11.

But maybe you're right. Two weeks ago he allowed an earned run, his first in 33 innings, struck out four men in three innings (giving him 71 strikeouts for 34 innings) and raised his earned run average from 0.88 to 1.00. Maybe the Red Sox should trade this guy to the Pirates for Roy Face. But the Pirates better throw in Cardwell, Sisk, Schwall, McBean, Gib-

bon, Friend, Haddix, Law, Francis and Veale. And a little cash, too.

DANIEL GOLDFARB JR.

Brookline, Mass.

Sirs:

That does it! How can you possibly call Roy Face of the Pittsburgh Pirates the best reliever in baseball? Anyone who can lose two games in one day to the stumbling, bumbling New York Mets doesn't even have the right to call himself a pitcher, much less the best.

ROBERT BROOKS

Hillside, N.J.

Sirs:

It's bad enough to say something like that inside, but to put it on the cover of your magazine for all the world to laugh—well, you deserve it.

Here in Boston we have a monster named Dick Radatz who mashes the opposing players. But I know why he has not been on your cover—he is too big. You would have to double the size of an issue, so rather than go to the expense of all that, you put a little-type person, who fits easily, and then have some dolt write a perfectly horrible article about how this shrump is the best around.

I'm a perfectly rational person, never

excite easily, and calmly say that Dick Radatz could use Elroy Face as a ball and throw him past the already baffled litters in the American League.

DAVID BALKIN

Allston, Mass.

Sirs:

At one time Roy Face was baseball's best relief pitcher. But now let's face facts. Boston's Dick Radatz has a 6-1 record to Face's 2-5 and, even more important, his ERA is hovering around 1.00 while Face has an ERA of 4.00.

DANNY EDWARDS

Cincinnati

Sirs:

Roy Face indeed!

CHUCK MAGNINIS

Barre, Vt.

OUCH AGAIN

Sirs:

Gwilym S. Brown was right about the recent Thunderbird golf tournament (*The Word for the T-Bird Was "Ouch,"* June 24). He also was correct in saying that Arnie's hand was shaky. But he was dead wrong to say Palmer made the T-Bird exciting.

Paul Harney made this an exciting match. He outplayed Palmer by three strokes in the last 18 holes to tie the match. He certainly would have won it if that kind official had not given poor Palmer a free drop on the 17th, where he might have gotten a 10 instead of a 5.

To add insult to injury, you printed two photographs in the article: one of lame duck Jack Nicklaus, who ended up nowhere and therefore deserved no picture publicity, and the other of choking pro Palmer.

The only way you can square yourselves with me is to publish a picture of the real hero of the T-Bird, Paul Harney.

BERNARD F. MCKERNAN, M.D.

Upton, Mass.

● Herewith (left) another ouch—this one by Paul Harney at the U.S. Open at Brookline, where he missed this putt on the 72nd hole—and the playoff by one stroke.—ED.

Sirs:

Gwilym Brown missed a chance to say something nice about the outrageous comeback of Ben Hogan in the Thunderbird. Instead Mr. Brown seemed to delight in backhandedly referring to Hogan as a gassed-out pigeon with a limp and a paunch. As a golfer who deeply respects the talent and courage of Mr. Hogan, I feel more attention

continued



HARNEY: A BUDGY FINISH AT THE OPEN

should have been given to his great showing—only eight shots off the pace. Surely it was more than “credible enough.”

WARNER B. BERRY

Ithaca, N.Y.

BILL RENDERED

Sirs:

So Bill Hartack is abusive, arrogant, insulting to owners, trainers, track officials and sportswriters (*Whatever Happened to Bill Hartack?* June 24). Perhaps so. But he is also the only active jockey who is outspokenly honest, a master of his trade and considerate of the betting public. In many ways he's everything that Ted Atkinson was. And to me that is everything.

Perhaps we should study the intent of these sensitive owners, trainers, track officials and writers. Do they want the public to put their faith in sore 4-to-5 favorites?

Are these the track officials who scrape the track so handicapping speed figures can never be relied on?

Are these the sportswriters who neglect to tell their readers to disregard a horse's last performance because his trainer sent him out on a real bad track without med shoes?

in the Optimist League. He not only outfits a squad of 25 boys, but sends them on road trips to play other teams all over the South. He has helped people financially without thought of when they can pay back. His beautiful home is always open, and he is a marvelous host.

I would like to add that when Bill finally decides to hang up his tack he has a great future on radio and TV as a sports personality. He has never compromised honesty for anyone, and you can't say that about many people in the racing game.

Miami

LARRY KING

STROKE OF VICTORY

Sirs:

I can't help but appreciate what Tom Brody said about me and about my rowing, but I feel that he was wrong, dead wrong, when he implied that it was I and my impetus that won the IRA for Cornell (*He Gave Everything for the Big Red*, June 24). This is not true and could never be true, if for no other reason than the nature of the sport. It is true that one man can lose a race, but it takes nine men to win one. No man is any more or less important than any other man.

You made it sound as if I was a sort of

Coach Sanford, Cornell would not have had as good a season this year as it has had so far.

GRISCOM BETTLE

Ithaca, N.Y.

BLACKENED SACHS

Sirs:

After eight weeks in the hospital, sorry I'm a little late with a comment concerning the Indianapolis "500" (*The Against the Clock at Indy*, June 10). This is my first venture at writing. At the time, near the end of the race I led quite an argument concerning the black-flagging of Jones. Being a young oldtimer (I saw Pete De Paolo win in '25, Lockhart in '26 and many more till Willard's win in '51), I cannot understand the oil controversy. Years ago much oil was spilled on the track by many cars and no one thought of black-flagging. Expert race drivers drove around, through and over the oil. Does the modern-day school of amateur drivers (day-track specialists) want Shaw, Roberts, Hepburn, Swanson and Chet Miller to turn over in their graves? These men were pro drivers, and none worried about an oily track. I remember the race of '51, when Louis Schneider won with an average of only 96.629 mph. Billy Arnold (the '30 winner), Pete De Paolo and Tony Guletta all skidded on an oily track and went over the wall at the same place. No one claimed foul, only track or poor decision by officials. Had Harlan Fongler black-flagged Parnelli Jones—costing him the race—it would have been the worst decision ever made at the "500."

The black-flagging should have been done—but not to Jones. Eddie Sachs should have been black-flagged. When he slid off the track in his car and hit the fence, according to "500" rules he was required to stop at the pits on his next lap so the technical committee could examine the car for damage. Why wasn't this done, and why haven't sportswriters written of this subject? In the Agajanian-Chapman discussion perhaps Fongler forgot the Sachs violation. A few laps later a wheel came off Sachs's car, causing his crash. I say that by driving those laps with a damaged car Sachs created a worse hazard than an oily track.

HAROLD W. ERNIE

Indianapolis

THE WINNERS

Sirs:

As the manufacturer of the winning boat in the unlimited division and the first boat to cross the finish line during the recent Hudson River Marathon, I was amazed to find that the boat was not mentioned in your article *Rowing down the River* (June 24). I know your photographer, Peter Custer, took a picture of it at the start.

ROBERT R. HAMMOND,
President, Glaston Boat Co.

Austin, Texas

● Indeed he did. See left.—ED.



THE WINNING BOAT MAKES A SHARP TURN AT THE START OF THE HUDSON RIVER RACE

If there were more pros like Bill Hartack in all phases of racing today the public would be better protected and the stakes would prosper from increased racing revenue.

ALAN HAHN

New York City

Sirs:

Thank you for Jack Olsen's brilliant story on Bill Hartack. Bill is a close personal friend of mine as well as an associate on many radio shows that I've done, and I'm glad your fine magazine was able to get a better look at this most complex guy by letting his words speak for him. On the personal side, it may interest you to know (Bill never talks about it) that Bill is one of the most charitable, warmhearted fellows I know. He has done more for friends than you have room on a hundred pages to print. He supports, to the tune of about \$1,000 yearly, a football team

hero just because I passed out after the race, but nothing could be further from the truth. I was not only embarrassed by my action, I was ashamed. There is never any excuse for an oarsman to pass out.

Your writer quoted from an article by Penn's coach, Joe Burk, on strokes and stroking in general, but I think he missed perhaps the most important part, where Mr. Burk emphasized the fact that a stroke is only as good as the men who back him up, and that a mediocre stroke combined with good oarsmen will, more often than not, win the race.

I think some mention should have been made of the other members of our crew: bowman and commodore Mike McGuirk, Gordon Hough at 2, Albert Thomason at 3, John Nunn at 4, next year's commodore, Don Light, at 5, John Rothschild at 6, Dan Krez at 7 and our coxswain, John Beckman. If it weren't for them and for the ability of

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